R·C·H

15·9 H.P.
4 CYL.
STANDARD TORPEDO.
FULLY EQUIPPED.

Magnificently equipped Torpedos, colour green, hood and curtains, screen, horn, five Dietz nickel-plated lamps, generator. Long wheelbase.

£207

£207

MODEL DE LUXE
(SEE CATALOGUE)
£225

BYROM & CO., 85, Great Portland Street, London, W.

1/- net; 1/1½ post free.

"COON CAN"

By W. DALTON.

Author of "'SATURDAY' BRIDGE."

"Coon Can" is the latest, most amusing, and simplest of Card Games. It admits of the exercise of great skill, yet can be played by a child.

THE WEST STRAND PUBLISHING CO.,
10, King's Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

"Early to bed and early to rise" is easy for those who drink

KHOOSH

—for they're wise.

For *free sample* write, with two penny stamps (to cover postage), to the Sole Wholesale Agents:
W. H. CHAPLIN & Co., Ltd. (Dept. A),
48, Mark Lane, London, E.C.

INVINCIBLE

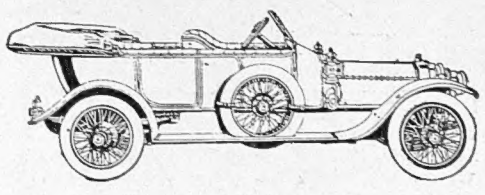
in every phase of motoring service.

SPEED. A 25 h.p. Talbot, at Brooklands, on November 16, 1912, attained a speed of 113·28 miles per hour, and annexed seven new records.

PETROL ECONOMY. In the recent annual trial by the A.C. of Australia, a 12 h.p. Talbot completed the 30-mile course on 2·5 pints of petrol, equalling 96 miles to the gallon.

HILL CLIMBING. In innumerable competitive trials during the past season the Invincible Talbot has justified its name when opposed to cars of often greater h.p.

DURABILITY. Clients in Australia write:—"We have six Talbots. In 1908 we purchased our first, which, with one overhaul, has been in constant commission ever since. . . . This car has run 120,000 miles."



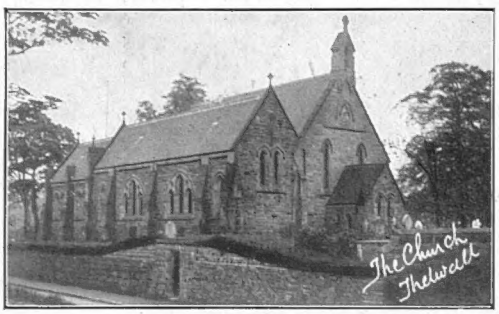
Catalogues and complete specifications on application

CLEMENT TALBOT, LTD.,
Automobile Manufacturers & Engineers,
Barlby Road, Ladbroke Grove, London, W.

"LOCO"-GAS.

FOR ECONOMY AND BETTER LIGHT MAKE YOUR OWN GAS

THELWALL CHURCH, CHESHIRE.



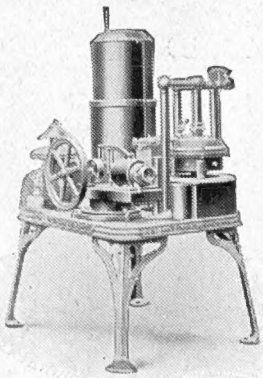
"Loco" Air-Gas Installed December, 1908. 100 lights.

Churchwarden writes, June 17, 1912:—"The 'LOCO' VAPOUR-GAS MACHINE has now been installed at the above Church for 3½ years, during which time it has given every satisfaction. The light is very good, the machine easy to run, and the cost more economical than the ordinary coal-gas. We have not had a breakdown during the time the plant has been put in, which speaks well for this system of artificial lighting."

This simple little machine does all this lighting in a most satisfactory and economical manner (SEE TESTIMONIAL), and is still running, and likely to continue for over twenty years.

Select a machine not made of tin with soldered joints, or of galvanised iron, which materials are known soon to perish, but of substantial cast-iron, solid-drawn steel piping, and gun-metal screwed together in a safe, permanent, and mechanical manner.

500 REFERENCES TO LOCO MACHINES ALREADY FIXED.



THE "LOCO" PETROL-GAS MACHINE.

Invented and Patented by Mr. Fred C. Lynde, M.R.S.Inst.C.E., Late Assist. Manager to Sir Joseph Whitworth & Co.

FOR 20 LIGHTS (£30) AND UPWARDS.

BOOKLET, ESTIMATES, AND TESTIMONIALS FREE ON APPLICATION.
AN ENGINEER SENT TO TAKE PARTICULARS AND ADVISE ON THE BEST INSTALLATION FREE OF CHARGE.

Tel. Address: "ACCELERATE, MANCHESTER."

The "Loco" Vapour-Gas Light Co.

ESTABLISHED 1908.

OLD EXCHANGE, ST. ANN'S CHURCHYARD, MANCHESTER.

"PLASMON FOODS MAKE BONE, MUSCLE AND BRAIN."—DAVID J——, M.D.

ANALYSIS CANNOT LIE

and Analysis **proves** that

PLASMON COCOA

is TEN TIMES more nutritious

than ordinary cocoa.—*Vide Lancet.*

Cocoa in Perfection, 9d., 1/4, 2/6.

SUPPLIED TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.

SPECIAL OFFER.—An **ART METAL BOX,** containing a packet of Plasmon, Plasmon Cocoa, Plasmon Oats, Plasmon Biscuits, Plasmon Custard, Plasmon Tea, and Plasmon Chocolate, together with an illustrated Cookery Book, and Book, "Diet and Exercise for Training," by C. B. Fry, will be sent for **1/-** post free, by PLASMON, Ltd. (Dept. 205), Farringdon Street, London.

PURE DRINKING WATER

is a necessity in every house.

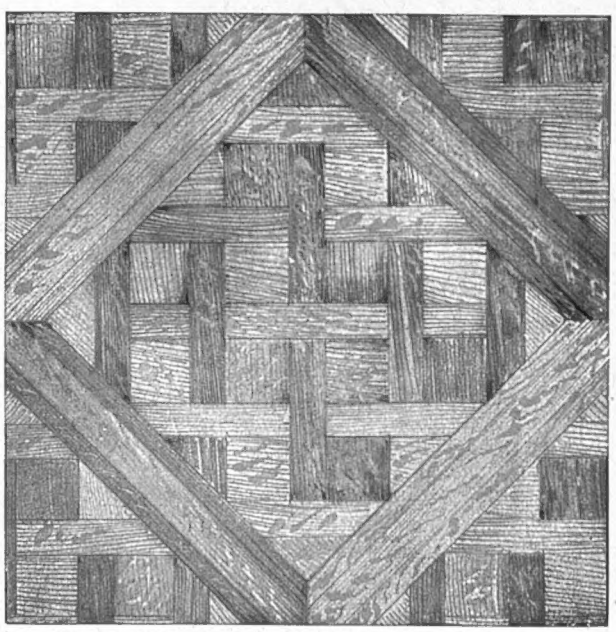
A "BERKEFELD" FILTER

at a small cost will give you pure and germ-free water. Think of your children's health.

Write for Catalogue "C" to

THE BERKEFELD FILTER CO. Ld.,
121, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

PARQUET FLOORS



HOWARD & SONS, LTD.

Manufacturers,

FURNITURE & DECORATIONS,

25-27, BERNERS STREET. W.

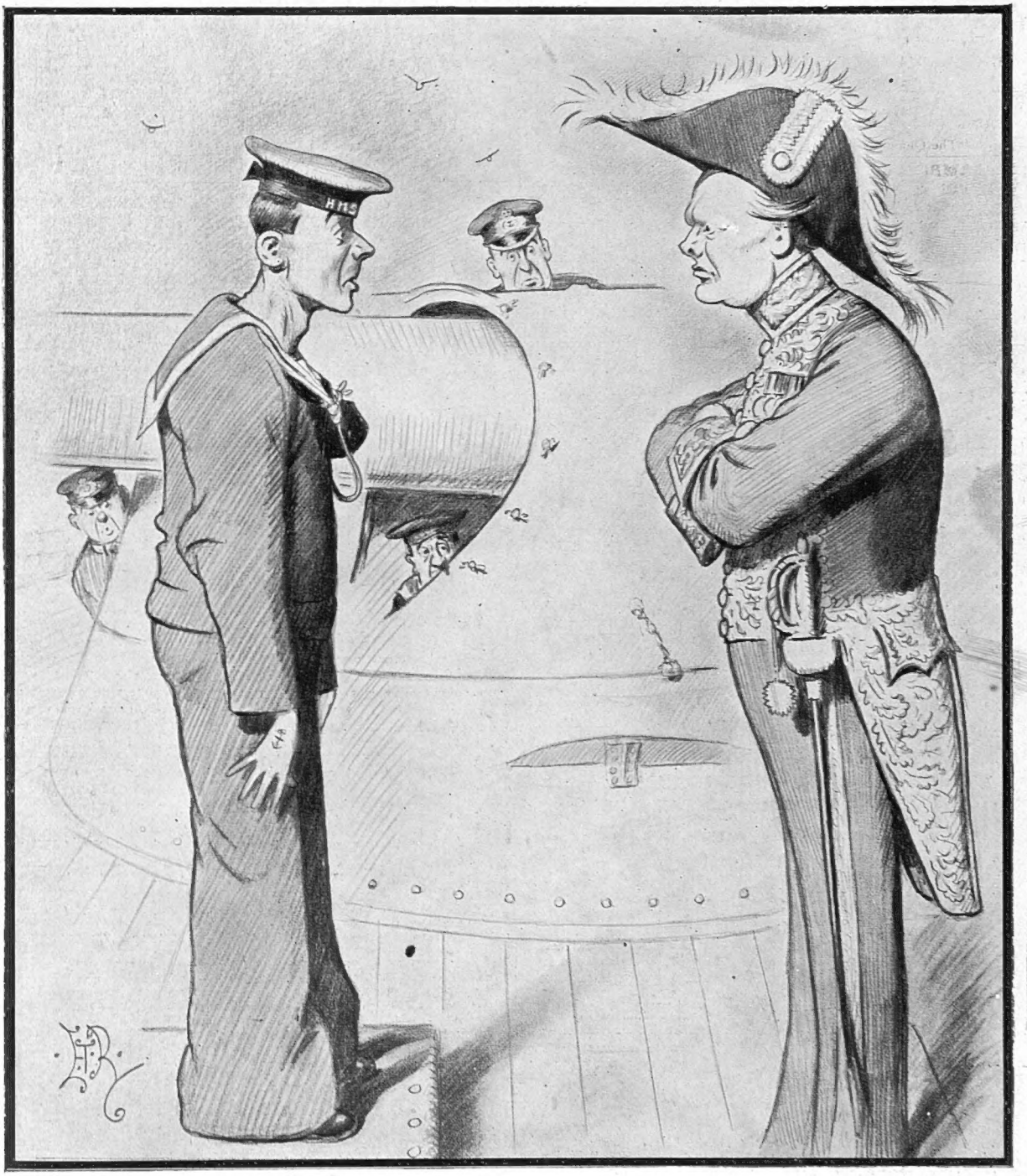
Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 473.—Vol. XXXVI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, December 25, 1912 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.



GIVING HIM THE INVALID EYE

TAR *(in sudden soliloquy)*: "'Elp! 'Elp! Oh, Lor'!! That 'orrible Bridgeman look's a comin' over 'is face agen!! 'E's givin' *me* the 'Invalid Heye,' I know he is!!! 'E's goin' to say, I'm 'not lookin' very bright this mornin'"—and I shall be hout o' the Service before you can say Charley B.!!!!"

BY E. T. REED

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. THE FOLLIES' Pantomime, "ALADDIN," DILLON SHALLARD OPERA TRIO, THE GREAT AERIAL SMITHS, and Specially Selected Varieties.
Evenings, 8. Mats., Thurs. & Sats., 2.30. Manager, ARTHUR ALDIN.

ST. JAMES'S. "THE TURNING POINT." GEORGE ALEXANDER & ETHEL IRVING.
Every Evening, at 8.30.
MATINÉE, Every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30.

GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, MR. GEORGE EDWARDES.
Every Evening, at 8. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' production, a Musical Play in Two Acts. "THE SUNSHINE GIRL."
MATINÉE, Every SATURDAY, at 2. Box Office open 10 to 10.

DALY'S THEATRE. Every Evening, at 8.15.
MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production,
"GIPSY LOVE," a MUSICAL PLAY in 3 Acts.
Music by FRANZ LEHAR. MATINÉE, Saturdays, at 2. Tel. 201 Ger

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE. On Boxing Night and Every Evening, at 9. MISS MARIE TEMPEST produces "AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION," "THE DUMB AND THE BLIND," and "THE MALINGERER" (a Wordless Play).

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE. Every Evening, at 9.
GERALD du MAURIER and MARIE LÖHR in
"DOORMATS," a New Comedy, by HERBERT HENRY DAVIES.
At 8.15, "The Quaints." MATINÉE, WEDS. and SATS., at 2.15.

ALHAMBRA.—"KILL THAT ELY," Stop Press Revue by GEORGE GROSSMITH, J. F. McARDLE, HUGH E. WRIGHT, RENE KOVAL, KATHLEEN COURTNEY, MURIEL HUDSON, etc., and Special Varieties. Evenings at 8.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.
SEYMOUR HICKS and ELLALINE TERRISS, H. G. PELISSIER and THE FOLLIES, MASKELYNE AND DEVANT'S MYSTERIES, and Star Co. 6d. to 7s. 6d. 7541 Gerrard.

LONDON HIPPODROME. New Christmas Production.
"HALLO RAG-TIME."
The cast includes: Miss Shirley Kellogg, Dorothy Minto, Lew Hearn, Cyril Clensy, etc. 1s. to £4 4s. 650 Ger.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET, W.
CHARLES GULLIVER, MANAGING DIRECTOR.
Always the Best Entertainment in London.
PALLADIUM MINSTRELS, 120 Black-faced Artists, 40 Banjoists, 25 Instrumentalists. Songs, Music, and Sketches.
BOOK NOW. Prices, 6d. to 5s.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE. KINGSWAY.
MANAGING DIRECTOR, FERNAND AKOUN.
The World's Cinema Vaudeville Theatre.
Unique Cinematography. Exclusive Vaudeville Acts. New Fairy Play.
Re-opening Boxing Day (December 26), at 2.30. Evening at 8.
ALL SEATS RESERVED. 6d. to 3s.
PRIVATE BOXES, 10s. 6d., 15s., 21s.
MATINÉES, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays.
Special Matinée, Friday, December 7.
BOX OFFICE NOW OPEN. Telephone: Holborn 6830.
General Manager, BEN NATHAN.

HOTELS.

NEAR ALL THE LONDON PANTOMIMES
THE BONNINGTON HOTEL
SOUTHAMPTON ROW LONDON, W.C.
(Opened in 1911 by Lord Strathcona).
CENTRAL FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE.
Room, attendance, and table d'hôte breakfast, 5/- Room, attendance, and table d'hôte breakfast.
(En pension terms.)
250 Rooms. Lifts. Quiet and Select. Luxuriously Furnished.
Winter Gardens. Charming Public Rooms.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

	Per Annum. At Home.	Canada.	Elsewhere Abroad.
"The Graphic" (including Summer and Christmas Nos.)	30/-	32/-	38/6
"The Daily Graphic"	39/-	52/-	52/-
"The Daily Graphic" (weekly part 6 Nos.)	43/3	34/8	45/8
"The Bystander"	28/2	30/4	35/-

All Applications or Remittances should be sent direct to the Publisher, "The Graphic" Office, Tallis House, Whitefriars London, E.C.
Paris Office for Subscriptions and Advertisements: Marc Dormoy, Rue Lafayette

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1d. under 1lb. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

TRAVEL.

P & O—A Winter Tour.

INDIA, CEYLON, EGYPT. £80 net.

WEEKLY from LONDON, MARSEILLES and BRINDISI,
Including rail through India, via Bombay, Delhi, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Benares and Calcutta, thence by P. & O. Intermediate Steamer to London, or vice versa.

Illustrated Handbook on application,

P & O Offices 122, Leadenhall Street E.C. Northumberland Avenue, W.C. LONDON

ALPINE SPORTS (Ltd.)

control accommodation for 3,500 VISITORS IN 35 HOTELS in the BEST WINTER CENTRES in SWITZERLAND.—For illustrated Handbook, with full details of complete tours, apply SECRETARY, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

SWISS WINTER SPORTS AT ADELBODEN, ENGLEBERG, GRINDELWALD, MURREN, WENGEN, &c.
Inclusive hotel and travel arrangements at exceptional rates. Independent Tickets also issued.—Apply,
FRAMES TOURIST OFFICE,
92, Southampton Row, W.C.

GRAMOPHONE FOR SALE.

GRAMOPHONE

Mahogany inlaid Sheraton, enclosed hornless, twenty-guinea instrument; four feet high, perfect order. Latest model. £7. Genuine bargain. Records included. Approval willingly. Photo. Seen any time before 6.30 or appointment. A. HOLT, 67, Endell Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.

MOTOR-CAR FOR SALE.

45 H.P. 6-CYLINDER SHEFFIELD SIMPLEX OPEN TOURING CAR.

Gear-boxless type, to seat five persons, with two additional drop seats, painted dark green, Rudge-Whitworth detachable wheels, two spares, hood and two screens, in perfect condition, complete with accessories. Particulars and photographs supplied on application. Owner's sole reason for selling, has gone abroad. Price £550.—PICKFORD, TROWN and Co., Crescent Motor Works, 264 and 268, Ecclesall Road, Sheffield.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE IMPOSSIBLE SHE. By R. Ramsay. (Constable: 6s.)
THE CHARM OF THE HILLS. By Seton Gordon, F.Z.S. (Cassell: 10s. 6d. net.)
THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AND HER CIRCLE. By Dr. Barthez. (Fisher Unwin: 10s. 6d. net.)
THE JUNE LADY. By R. E. Vernede. (Constable: 6s.)
RECIPES WORTH TRYING. Compiled by Mrs. W. Edwards. (Lee and Nightingale: 2s. 6d. net.)
THE MAN OF PLEASURE. By Ralph Nevill. (Chatto and Windus: 12s. 6d. net.)
CANCER. By F. W. Forbes Ross. (Methuen.)
KING-ERRANT. By Flora A. Steel. (Heinemann: 6s.)
BACK HOME. By Irvin Cobb. (Heinemann: 6s.)
FRENCH ARTISTS OF OUR DAY (EDOUARD MANET). (Heinemann: 3s. 6d. net.)
FRENCH ARTISTS OF OUR DAY (PUVIS DE CHAVANNES). (Heinemann: 3s. 6d. net.)
THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY. By K. and H. Hesketh Prichard. (Heinemann: 6s.)
A DESERT ROSE. By Mrs. Daskein. (Heinemann.)
RAPHAEL OF THE OLIVE. By Gillard Johnson. (Century Press: 6s. net.)
THE NEST. By Anne D. Sedgwick. (Arnold: 6s.)
TWO CAN PLAY. By H. Muspratt. (Long: 6s.)
LEVITY HICKS. By Tom Gallon. (Long: 6s.)
THE ZOO CONVERSATION BOOK: HUGHIE'S SECOND VISIT. By E. Sclous. (Mills and Boon: 5s. net.)
VERSE VOLUNTARIES. By C. Bridges. (Simpkin, Marshall: 3s. 6d. net.)
THE GAY DRAGOON. By E. F. Harding. (Simpkin, Marshall: 6s.)
PRACTICAL HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT. By M. A. Fairclough, L.C.A. (Stanley Publishing Company: 2s. net.)
THE KING'S FAVOURITE. By H. H. Atkinson. (Allen: 6s.)
A DOWNLAND CORNER. By V. L. Whitechurch. (Fisher Unwin: 3s. 6d net.)
THE UPHOLSTERED CAGE. By Josephine P. Knowles. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL (modified)

Wishing You——

It is not, nowadays, quite in the best of taste to wish people anything at all with regard to Christmas, especially when it falls in the middle of the week, and thus compels busy people to take either too little or too much

THE LATE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR
Mr. Whitelaw Reid snapshotted on one of his last walks out in London

time off whatever they are occupied in doing. Nevertheless, THE BYSTANDER ventures to wish its readers the best that the season has to offer them.

***

Santa Claus Pasha

The being who impersonates Santa Claus most vividly to the world at the moment is Reschid Pasha, the Turkish representative at the Conference of St. James's. He has to satisfy four young people whose taste in toys is truly prodigal, and if he can fill each of their stockings to their satisfaction, he will deserve to be canonised.

***

The Luck of the Alphabet

I was much interested by the decision of the Peace Conference to select their chairmen in alphabetical order. Odd, wasn't it, that whether it had been the name of the Power itself, or the name of its delegate, the precedence would have been taken by the people who wanted it, the Bulgarians (letter B), with their delegate, M. Daneff (letter D)? Is it a sign of greatness to be born high up the alphabet? Glancing over the list of the world's great names, it is really surprising how many of them do begin early in the alphabet. Adam set the example, which was followed in sequence by Cain, Abraham, Alexander, Augustus, Aristotle, Attila, Alfred, Charlemagne, Constantine, Borgia,

Photograph *Sport and General*
OUT FOR GAME
H.M. the King shooting at Brocket Hall, Hatfield, with Lord Mount Stephen, his recent host

Bourbon, Bacon, Cromwell, Bonaparte, Chatham, Bismarck, Cavour, Canning, Asquith, Balfour, Burns, Churchill, Chamberlain, Carson, and Bonar Law. The number of successful men whose names begin late in the alphabet is unfavourably to be compared with those who begin early in it. Perhaps some readers of THE BYSTANDER (note its initial letter) may have some observations to make on the point? Their letters will be inserted, of course—in alphabetical order.

Post-Balfourian Mysteries

Truly the Balfour mantle has fallen on the present leader. Mr. Law succeeds in arousing, after each speech, the same discordant chorus as did his predecessor. In one paper he is applauded because he sticks to the Food Taxes, in another because he throws them over. What has he really done? Merely this. He has agreed, on being returned to office, to summon an Imperial Conference, and by the Colonies is to be decided whether or not we have food taxes.

***

The Blunder

Mr. Law has blundered here in fine style. For one thing, the Colonies will refuse to take the responsibility of taxing the food of the British working-man (the only person who is politically supposed to consume food); for another, the B.W.M. will refuse to allow himself to be taxed at Colonial dictation. Our fiscal policy is our own affair, be it good or bad, and it is simply impossible to reconcile Mr. Law's position with common logic.

OUT FOR ANYTHING HE CAN GET
H.M. the King of Roumania, now busily engaged in trying to capture some of the spoils of a war in which his soldiers have taken no part. We hope he will get what he deserves—nothing!

The View of the Average Man

I believe I express the view of the majority of the Conservative rank and file when I say that the sooner the Tariff Reform song is sung sweet and low, and relegated to the chorus in the background, while the soloists try their voices at something new, the better the audience will like it. Apart from being unpopular, Tariff Reform is *dull*.

* * *

The Act on Trial

The first White Slave prosecution has taken place without the revelation of the names of the parties to the Press. I am glad that the case has been otherwise so fully reported. It will be most necessary, if the new Act is to be justified, that the public shall be able to keep check of the evidence on which conviction is secured. The whipping clauses are on their trial, and any infliction where there is the shadow of a doubt will arouse deep anger.

* * *

The Belgravian Raid

I have some hope that, when the case against the alleged Belgravian gaming-house has been settled, we shall have an opportunity of discussing the whole operation of our laws in this connection. A BYSTANDER representative is at present engaged in the study of the psychology of gambling in another place—*i.e.*, the Casino at Monte Carlo—and, in the forthcoming Special Riviera Number (to be published on January 8), he will have some caustic comments to make on the subject, unprejudiced by the fact that he has been, I fear, doing rather well at the tables.

* * *

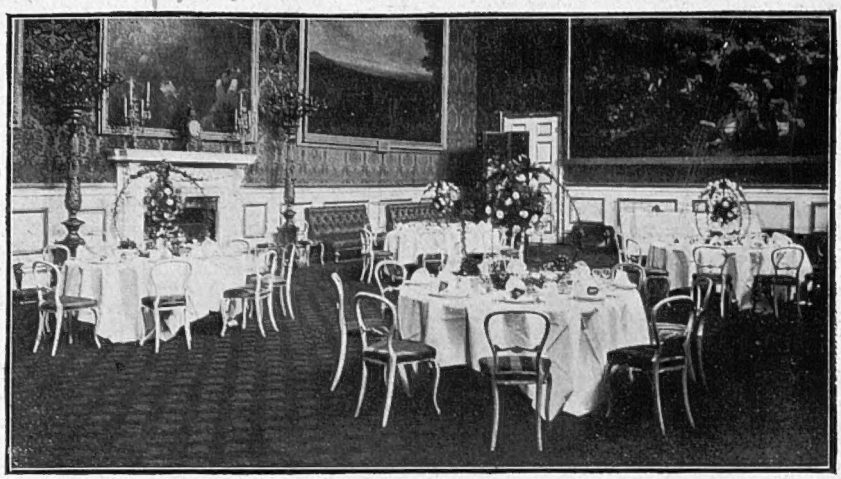
Nailing a Lie

The Prochaska scandal has turned out to be, as all who know anything about the methods of the Austrian Press bureau anticipated, a fabrication. The Austrian Consul seems to have suffered certain minor discomforts, but these do not include, as was alleged, the clipping off of his ears or the gouging out of his eyes, or, in fact, any mutilation whatever. The Austrians will not, of course, apologise for their foul libels on Servian honour, but those organs of the London Press who used the stories as the foundation for violent attacks on Servia will, I hope, eat a little of the dirt they prescribed with expert hand for King Peter.

* * *

Fairplay, Please!

The fact that a nation is a small one may be enough reason why it should be bullied by Empires whose doctrine is "Might is Right." But that used not to be the British way.



Photograph] IS PEACE-PUDDING ON THE DAILY MENU? [*W. E. Gray*

The room at St. James's Palace in which the Balkan Conference takes it luncheon. Each delegation has, it will be seen, its own table, so that there is no danger of negotiations being broken off in the middle of a course owing to an indiscreet mention of Adrianople, Scutari, or Janina. We do not know whether peace-pudding is on the daily menu. It might have served as a tactful reminder of how the British host expects the Conference to end

THE UNCHANGING RULE

H.I.H. the Archduchess Eleonore, eldest daughter of the Archduke Charles Stephen of Austria, who is doing the usual Hapsburg thing, i.e., contracting a morganatic alliance. The happy man is Lieut. Alfons von Kloss, who was in command of his prospective father-in-law's yacht. The wedding is to take place next month in the Galician Castle at Saybusch

THE PLEASANT SIDE OF HIS DUTIES

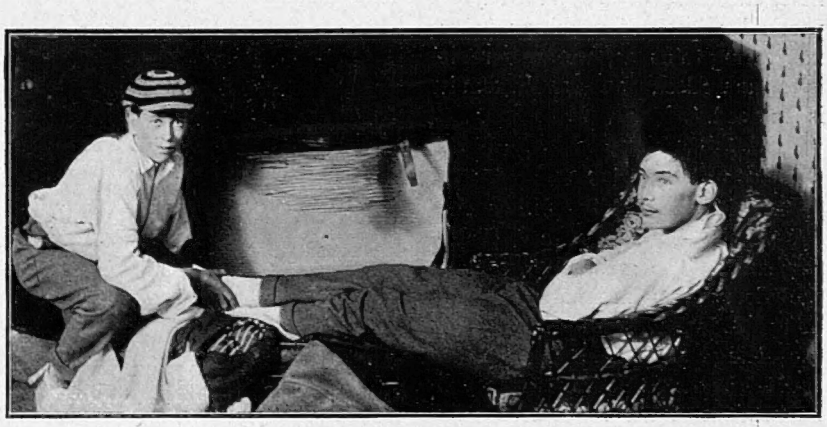
Mr. Winston Churchill and his wife take part in the award of prizes to Naval Reserve officers whose "health" has not prevented them from distinguishing themselves in seamanship, gunnery, etc., for proficiency in which the prizes were awarded

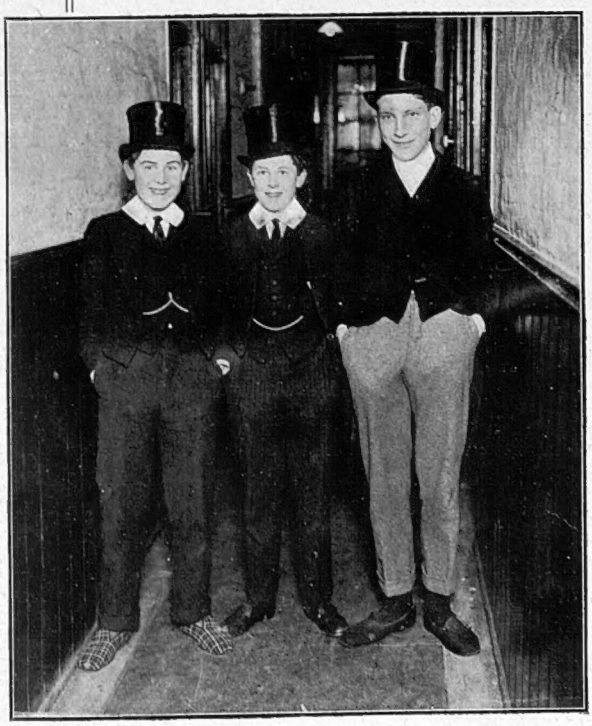
What Shall We Do With Him?

THE PROBLEM RETURNS HOME FOR PARENTAL RECONSIDERATION

THE "man" of the moment is the public schoolboy, home for the Christmas holidays. Each Christmas he becomes a greater problem to his fond parent. A good square peg, of the approved public school pattern, how is he to be fitted into the round hole of usefulness in after-life? Personally, we have long since given it up.

Our illustrations show Etonians (1) Entraining at Windsor Station; (2) "Slacking" in a study during packing-up; (3) In the school corridor; (4)—Not a photograph — is merely used decoratively. We had it in stock





BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Things That Don't Matter

The Bystander dares to wish that the more fatuous section of the daily Press would concern itself a little less with the purely personal details of Royal family life. Of what possible interest is it to know that the King and Queen select their presents from among books, plain gold cigarette-cases, dressing-cases, gold watches and clocks, dolls, soldiers, etc.? What other kind of thing do you expect a gentleman and a lady of means to give to their friends, young or old? And one paper seems to be especially impressed because the Queen has ordered a lot of "plain chocolate creams"! Are we to suppose that the higher one ascends in the social scale, the less one can appreciate plainness, chocolate or cream? This particular kind of snobbery is as nauseating to us as, we are sure, it is to the exalted persons on whom it is fastened.

***

Christmas at Sandringham

The Royal family will spend their Christmas at Sandringham. The year before last the Court was in mourning for King Edward, and last year the King and Queen were in India, so that this Christmas will be the first of the reign which will be spent unitedly and with all the joyousness peculiar to the season. It will be purely a family gathering: the Prince will be home from his first University course, Prince Albert from his last Naval College term, and the Princes Henry and George from school. The celebrations will commence on Christmas Eve with a distribution of joints of meat and other good cheer to the employés. This will take place in the coach-house in the presence of the King and Queen and their family, and will, I am told, be a "delightfully informal" affair—though how it could be anything else without reminding everybody of Alice-Through-the-Looking-Glass being presented to the joint of mutton is not quite clear!

***

The Dead Diplomatist

The sudden death of two Ambassadors to the Court of St. James's in one year—nay, within three months—is probably unparalleled in the annals of history. American Society was, on Sunday, literally stricken dumb with surprise on hearing of the death of Mr. Whitelaw Reid. The news was unexpected, though for a long time past he had complained much of feeling ill, asthma and bronchitis both troubling him greatly. In spite of his dislike for the dampness of the English winter, he had become much attached to the country where he had spent so much of his later life, and where, it was well known, he had intended to continue to spend a great part of each year. For he was devoted to his only daughter, Mrs. John Ward, and wanted to be near her. His only son last year, it will be remembered, married Miss Rogers, at that time private secretary to Mrs. Reid, a marriage which did not altogether please the family, although the bride was a distant relative.

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

A GROUP OF PRETTY "RAINBOW" CHILDREN

Appearing in the last act of the delightful fairy play, "Where the Rainbow Ends," which has just been revived at the Garrick Theatre

***

Extremes in Fashion

The Premier's wife, as all the world knows, held an "At Home" at the official residence of the Premier of England for the purpose of having a display of Poiret models of a decidedly bizarre type. Mrs. Asquith's taste in dress is nothing if not eccentric. At one moment one may see her dressed in the most advanced fashion, the next she goes to the opposite extreme. For instance, when she was in Venice a month or two ago, she chose to appear daily in an orange-coloured "sweater" with a bright red scarf wound *à la* Venetian fish-wife round her head, and that at the fashionable hour when the *haut monde* wore its finest and daintiest. More than one foreign visitor of note queried of English acquaintances, "*Est-ce vraiment là, la femme de votre Premier Ministre?*"

***

Italian or French?

Apropos of Venice, it is becoming more and more the rage for people to bring back from Venice anything and everything that can be obtained in the way of specimens of Venetian furniture, glassware, and even of mural decoration or ornamental ironwork for gardens. Mrs. Charles Hunter, for instance, has a country place which is a veritable treasury of wonderful Italian things. In fact, whereas a year or two ago all houses were, more or less, furnished and decorated on French lines, fashion has now decreed that the Italian school of the Renaissance shall have its turn. This, at any rate, will please the professional decorators, for where Society women are concerned they must, and will, keep their houses as up to date as themselves. Which is about the most expensive substitute for real personal taste that one can well imagine.

"Peace On Earth and Goodwill Towards Men?" Or, The Dogs of War Let Loose Again?

"WE WANT ADRIANOPLE"
Dr. Daneff, the Bulgarian Delegate

BETWEEN ONE OF THEM AND THE OTHER—
"I seem to be in for a merry Christmas."—Sir Edward Grey

"WE WANT ADRIANOPLE"
Reschid Pasha, the Turkish Delegate

Christmas, 1912, finds Europe busy at work trying to make peace in the British capital. The task of keeping the Conference sitting until an agreement is reached devolves on Sir Edward Grey, to whom we wish a Merry Christmas, and the heartiest thanks that we are not in his shoes

The Failure of Flogging as a Deterrent

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER.

SIR,—"Another Bingham" says—as many others on the same side have said—that "flogging is the only thing of which some men are afraid." Let it be so. How are we to distinguish these some men from other men and draw an Act of Parliament which will reach them without reaching others of which the statement is not true? Or is the point one which we may safely entrust to the presiding magistrate, giving him the power of flogging in all cases in confidence that he will only exercise it when it is the best remedy? (As a matter of fact, some magistrates always exercise it when they have the power, and others never.) We are told, of course, that we do not know the traffickers. True—I suppose the two Binghams know them. Will they state that from their personal knowledge of these traffickers they believe that a flogging of so many strokes will, in the great majority of cases, cure the man's criminal propensities, and that having been thus cured he may be safely entrusted with his liberty immediately after his castigation? The effect of the flogging is, we are told, so enormously greater than that of imprisonment that the latter is wholly negligible when compared with it, and the long sentences of penal servitude which Judges often add to their floggings are, therefore, unjustifiable. Twenty strokes followed by liberation is better than eighteen strokes and three years.

I believe, however, that flogging, especially with the cat, often gives a shock to the nervous system which a man does not get over for years, if at all, and that when a man affected with this kind of nervous disease is placed in the dock he gives rise to a spectacle which delights the Binghams. The failure of the cat as a deterrent is, however, proved by his being there at all.—Truly yours,

NO ROD

Dublin.

A Chorus of Kind Remarks

THE PRESS VERDICT ON "THE BYSTANDER ANNUAL"

The Christmas Number of THE BYSTANDER is excellent. The letterpress is thoroughly readable and attractive, and the illustrations are good, and the part generally is handy and pleasantly got up.—*Leicester Mercury.*

An entertaining, amusing, and clever number.—*Aberdeen Journal.*

A well-varied number.—*Carlisle Journal.*

A very entertaining Christmas Number is THE BYSTANDER ANNUAL, containing a generous allowance of coloured plates, which are excellent specimens of the art of colour reproduction.—*Observer.*

The BYSTANDER ANNUAL is a brightly frivolous number, in which some good stories are interspersed with lively pictures. The illustrated events of the year are well chosen, and the plate is decidedly humorous.—*Birmingham Daily Mail.*

Christmassy only in parts, and these, with their humorous illustrations, are exceptionally funny. Bright and amusing also are other of the contents, and there are some excellent stories, as well as coloured plates.—*Glasgow Evening Citizen.*

Well stored with attractive features in characteristic style.—*Nottingham Guardian.*

Many a good laugh can be obtained from the pictures.—*Morning Post.*

Clever, caustic, and convincing.—*Dundee Courier.*

The ANNUAL appeals, it may be said, to all who love a joke, and to all others who can appreciate clever drawing and smart ideas. Two or three of the articles hit off prevailing crazes, and the whimsical touch is excellent. In the matter of popularity THE BYSTANDER ANNUAL is unlikely to strike its colours to any rival.—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

A luxurious selection of charming colour-plates.—*Wolverhampton Chronicle.*

Brightest, breeziest, and briefest of the budget is, perhaps, THE BYSTANDER Christmas Number. There is not a dull—or a merely traditional—page, hundreds of clever tit-bits, and there is a deal of reading that really sparkles.—*Manchester Courier.*

The most sprightly of all the Christmas numbers that have come into our hands in the present season. It is full of pictured fun. A very attractive publication.—*Glasgow Herald.*

Remarkable for the delicacy of its colour-printing.—*Onlooker.*

"THE BYSTANDER" ON THE RIVIERA—SPECIAL NOTICE

DURING the present month a delegation from THE BYSTANDER *has been in the Sunny South, busily engaged in editing on the spot a Special Riviera Supplement, which will be embodied with, and additional to, our issue of January 8, 1913.*

This will be the first occasion on which a Riviera Supplement has actually been edited, written and illustrated, on the spot, and it will, we have reason to believe, be the first really CRITICAL *symposium hitherto devoted to a part of Europe about which more has, perhaps, been "written-up" than any other.*

The Rivieran Bystander will describe his first-hand impressions of the coast, his visits to various places, his experiences at, and his judgment upon, Monte Carlo. Observations will be made on Society in the Sunny South, while Sport on the Riviera will be the subject of careful expert consideration.

The issue will be illustrated with splendid photographs and clever sketches and caricatures, and will have a special cover design. A Storyette will be contributed by Mrs. C. N. Williamson, one of the best-known literary habituées of the Riviera.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Haunted Ghosts.

BY HORACE HORSNELL

Illustrated by Tony Sarg

A CHRISTMAS-EVE TRAGEDY

"DOES the idea appeal to you?" the house-agent said at last. "Do you think you could do it?"

The young actor smiled.

"Yes," he said, "I think I could do it all right. It would be rather a lark."

"Well, so long as you keep the amusing side to yourself, I see no reason why it shouldn't be entertaining. But you understand, of course, that the funny side is not the one that I wish to have accentuated."

"No—of course it isn't."

"You see," continued the house-agent in a more confidential tone, "the risks in an affair of this kind want watching. It isn't the sort of thing that's done. Might turn out very awkwardly. If it turns out all right, you shan't suffer. See? In fact, I'll go so far as to say that I'll double the fee I'm offering you should you carry the thing through successfully. My client is quite the best audience you could have. Straightforward, simple, honest, with just the right touch of sentiment. He'll be only too anxious that you should be a success."

"But you don't mean to tell me that he *knows?*"

The house-agent frowned, and made a fussy, impatient gesture.

"My dear fellow," he said, "don't make that mistake. I must have expressed myself very badly. When I say that my client will be anxious that you should be a success, I mean that *I* am anxious that your impersonation should convince him. There really is a ghost at Onslow Place; there has been for centuries. But for some reason or other it has failed, for the past few years, to appear. Change of ownership, no doubt. Well, my client wants a house, but he wants a ghost more. We've tried him with every haunted mansion on the market. But we've been disappointed every time. So you see that Onslow Place has got to produce its ghost, come what may. It's suitable in every other respect, and my client is getting an excellent bargain."

The house-agent turned to the papers on his desk and picked out a type-written document.

"Here you are," he said, "this is all you have to do," and began to read it.

"'The apparition is that of a sallow-faced, thin, youngish man in black doublet and hose, with a sword, a cloak, and a lantern. He walks slowly along the terrace of the west wing. At the end of the terrace the spectre draws his sword, waves it before him making the sign of the Cross, and disappears into the shrubbery with the sword held point foremost in front of him.'"

"That oughtn't to be difficult, do you think?" he asked.

"No," said the actor; and added, "I've never played a ghost before, but I'm quite keen to try."

"Good!" said the house-agent. "I shall, of course, leave the question of costume and make-up entirely to you. That's your province. Now, tell me, can you get your things together and be ready for rehearsal, say, in a week's time—at Onslow Place?"

"Yes; I can promise that. And when is the first performance?"

"There is only one—at midnight on Christmas Eve. We'll consider it settled, then; and if you will call here at six o'clock next Thursday, we'll feed somewhere, and then go down to the house together and try the thing over."

On the following Thursday, at six o'clock precisely, the young actor presented himself and his bag of properties at the offices of Stapleton, the house-agent. After dinner they took the train to Mellinge, the station for Onslow Place, and walked from there to the house—a distance of about three miles.

It was a damp, dark night, and the journey across the park was rendered more tedious than it need have been by reason of the house-agent's extraordinary precautions against discovery. Had he been a detective, or a scout in time of war, he could not have been at more pains to mask his presence, his movements, and his identity. They floundered through a bog; they blundered through tangled undergrowth; they scratched and muddied themselves; and at every step the actor's bag seemed to become heavier, his spirits less cheerful. After about an hour and a half of this sort of thing, the chimneys of the house showed above a ridge of tree-tops. Then they halted and began to take their bearings.

The west wing was closely set about with laurel bushes and small trees. It was a gloomy, creeper-covered, out-standing portion, with a balustraded stone terrace leading to a large, formal garden. There were fountains and statues and grassy alleys, and all about were fantastic trees, cut to represent birds and ships and people. And over it all brooded deep silence, broken only by the occasional far-away cry of a bird or a little rustle in the bushes close at hand. The actor could not have had a more fitting scene.

"I think," said the house-agent, as they halted in the shrubbery at the end of the terrace, "I think you had better change here. We mustn't on any account arouse the suspicions of the housekeeper.

(All rights strictly reserved)

That's why I made it so late. She's in bed. And I've ascertained that there are no dogs."

"But look here," said the young man. "I've been thinking it over. Suppose someone does collar me on the night? How do I stand then?"

"You don't stand," said the house-agent, with heavy humour; "you run for all you're worth. But I've provided against that as well as I could. You didn't read the directions I gave you very carefully. They state particularly that the ghost cannot be seen by anyone outside the house. It must be watched through the closed windows of the library. That was my idea. So that's all right."

"I hope to goodness it will be," the actor said. "But do you expect me to change *here?*"

"I'm afraid you must," said the other. "There's no alternative. Don't quarrel with the conditions. They aren't of my making. You must see for yourself that a dressing-room here is out of the question."

"Yes," said the actor, reluctantly, "I suppose it is. But have you a light, anyway?"

"A light? What are you thinking about? Whatever we do we mustn't have a light. You never know who is about. You'll have to dress in the dark on the night, you know; that's why I thought we had better rehearse the thing on the spot. This is the only rehearsal we can manage. So look alive!"

The actor remained for a few moments in silent thought. There were things that he could have said—and, indeed, almost did say—that would have scattered the complacency of the house-agent, and given the situation a robust and definite conclusion. But he prided himself upon being what he called a sportsman. So, with a sort of desperate, dashing enthusiasm, he ripped off his coat and waistcoat, and hung them on the boughs of a neighbouring bush. This was, without a doubt, the most extraordinary part he had ever played, and certainly the most inconvenient dressing-room he had ever known—and he had experienced the worst that provincial theatres can offer. So soon as he laid a garment down it seemed to vanish. He mislaid everything, and nearly broke his ankle while struggling into tights that twisted and baffled his exploring legs, as though some perverse demon was his "dresser." And the unhelpful, apathetic company of the house-agent seemed to make matters worse. However, at last—perspiring and angry—he was approximately dressed and awaiting the house-agent's instructions.

The rehearsal, from the histrionic point of view, was a great success. The moon showed for awhile through the murk of cloud and mist, the wind sighed drearily in the bare branches of the trees as the tall, slim figure of the actor stalked, with face buried in his cloak, past the four, gaunt, shuttered windows of the library. He made the sign of the Cross with his sword when he reached the end of the terrace, and disappeared with melancholy magnificence into the shadow. Then he rejoined the gratified house-agent in the shrubbery.

"Excellent! Excellent!" said his enthusiastic employer. "If you do it like that on the night, the situation is more than saved, and I may screw an extra twenty pounds a year out of the prospective tenant! If I do, you shall share it. By the way, you have little to fear from interruption. My client is an eccentric man, and lives almost entirely by himself. I do not anticipate any sort of gathering on the night. Most probably there will be no one but him and me to witness your performance—and we shall be inside the room."

"That's comforting," said the actor. "But next time I shall come ready dressed. No more of this blind-man's buff! A second experience like this would ruin my nerve and fluff the whole business."

He explored the unsympathetic darkness for his ordinary clothes; but, owing to the fact that the house-agent had shifted his position during the rehearsal, it was some time before he found them. He put his trousers on over his tights; while the house-agent, enthusiastic, but incompetent, sought unsuccessfully to assist him.

They had arranged to spend the night at the local inn.

"We'll look over the place in the morning by daylight," said the house-agent, "and then you can take your bearings properly."

"Yes—and find my confounded studs!" said the actor, effecting a clumsy compromise between collar and tie without the assistance of those necessary articles, which he had lost.

At last he and his employer retraced their way across the park, and reached the inn, where supper awaited them.

The day before Christmas dawned in fog and wet. It was the worst day of the year; and the actor lay late in bed that morning, after reading the final instructions he had received by letter from the house-agent. The journey to Onslow Place was this time to be a solitary one. The house-agent was pre-occupied with his client. But, as luck would have it, they all met on the platform that evening at Charing Cross. It seemed that the house-agent winked at him reassuringly as he passed; but otherwise he gave no sign of recognition. His companion—the prospective tenant of the house, a fat, clean-shaved, tallow-faced man, in a heavy overcoat and a brown bowler hat—seemed depressed by the house-agent's conversation. They entered a first-class compartment, while the young actor sought an empty third smoker, deposited his bag in the corner of the carriage, and paced the platform until the train started. His mind was pre-occupied by ways and means; his legs rather cramped and hot by reason of the black tights he was wearing under his trousers. He read, by fits and starts, the typed instructions referring to the ghost, and mentally rehearsed every step, gesture, attitude, and emotion of his coming performance. He anticipated, with a shiver, the damp, dark shrubbery and the possible risks of detection; sought to visualise the chances and means of escape should he be betrayed; and at last dropped into a fitful doze, from which he was aroused by the train stopping at Maidstone. The night was clear now, and a bright moon had risen.

Mellinge was but two stations beyond Maidstone, and the young actor waited about until he had seen the house-agent and his client drive off before he started on his lonely walk to the park.

It was now barely half-past ten, and the ghost was not due to appear until midnight. He became fussily nervous about the accuracy of his watch, compared it two or three times with the station clock, and then walked in leisurely fashion across the fields to the park railings that enclosed Onslow Place. He halted there

ILLUSTRATING "THE HAUNTED GHOSTS"

"He had reached the further end of the terrace successfully . . . when a smothered ejaculation from the shadows just below . . . disconcerted him altogether"

and smoked a cigarette before plunging into the park. A tramp passing by stopped and asked him for a match. The actor, with propitiatory anxiety, gave him two cigarettes as well, which defeated his intention, and induced the tramp to stop and talk. Thus he was forced to go a little way out of the direct path in order to escape observation while he climbed the railings.

At about half-past eleven he reached the shrubbery, some distance from the house, and there began to change his clothes. He had hit upon this spot during his daylight inspection of the park, feeling that escape—should escape be necessary—would be easier if he was not handicapped by having his clothes so near the house. The walk with his bag across the park had heated him, and he began to shiver a little by the time he was dressed. Then he traversed the rest of the way, fully tricked out as a Tudor gentleman of sinister aspect and intentions, and gained the bushes that grew right up to the terrace wall.

From his hiding-place in these bushes he could observe the long-shuttered windows of the west wing. The pre-arranged signal for his appearance was the opening of the shutters of the library. A light wandered about tediously in some of the upper windows long after the actor had expected his signal. The wait, as he stood there in the cold, dark shrubbery, cloaked, and with sword and lantern in hand, all alert, seemed interminable; but at last a section of the shutters of the middle window was slowly opened a cautious inch or so. He could see nothing more than the hand that opened it.

With a beating heart and a high and inspired resolve, feeling intensely indeed the dramatic quality of his situation, the young actor emerged from his concealment. His stockinged feet made no noise save the slightest brushing rustle as he mounted the three stone steps of the terrace and passed along, with averted face, towards the windows of the library, his cloak held mysteriously about his shoulders with the hand that gripped the sword. The belated midnight had arrived. The stable clock began to chime, and the fateful hour was beaten out upon a harsh and tuneless bell.

Carried away by the excitement of his part, the young actor dismissed his fears. He even went so far as to make a slight and unrehearsed pause before the crack in the shutters of the middle window, behind which he knew expectant eyes were watching. The kindly moon threw his slim shadow behind him against the wall of the house, and rendered very effective his black, cloaked silhouette.

So far, so good. He had reached the further end of the terrace successfully, and, pausing there, upheld his sword, made the downward first stroke of the Cross, and would have added the horizontal line, when abruptly the situation so tensely sustained swooped and broke.

A smothered ejaculation from the shadows just below him caused his rigid features to relax, his sword hand to tremble, and disconcerted him altogether.

"My God!" was the remark that came to interrupt him so effectively; and he looked down in time to see a dark figure shoot off desperately through the bushes away from the house.

He followed precipitately this vanished figure into the shrubbery; for at that moment, the tall window of the library was thrown open with the protesting screech of dried wood and unoiled cord-wheels, and a harsh, nasal voice said, "Gee-whizz, Mr. Stapleton! that spectre's a perfect pomegranate!"

To say that the actor ran is merely to evade the verbal feats necessary to describe his flight. Breathless and terribly excited, he floundered through the bushes, turning aside here and there as the pathway varied, his hose-clad legs scratched by thorny shrubs, glad at heart that so far he had escaped capture, scared and amazed by the figure he had surprised, and determined not to bother about his clothes for the time being, but to make certain his escape from possible pursuit.

He had been so utterly taken aback by the figure he had encountered, that the American's exclamation as he had opened the window had only just penetrated his perception. It seemed to imply that his presentation of the ghost had been successful. That is how he interpreted it as he stood at last leaning against a tree, far from the house, regaining his breath and his self-control.

Nothing occurred to interrupt this recuperative pause, and eventually he made his way to the spot where he had left his clothes. So far had he recovered, indeed, that he pulled on his trousers as deliberately as he would have done at home, scarcely bothering now about the man he had surprised at the end of the terrace, and only anxious to meet the house-agent at the inn and hear his account of the affair.

A systematic disposal of his ordinary clothes, assisted by the moon, made his dressing a relatively simple business; and, with the revival of his confidence, he began to laugh over the discomfiture of the person he had surprised in the shrubbery.

"Peeping Tom got his deserts that time," he said, and laughed aloud at the memory of that scared and hurried retreat.

"But, by Jove! the fright was mutual. What a mercy it didn't happen before the show! It would have fluffed the whole thing. Wonder what the deuce he's thinking now?"

And again he chuckled to himself at the thought of recounting the affair to the house-agent at the inn.

His enjoyment was suddenly and rudely interrupted.

From the darkness behind him came a deep sigh that was almost a groan, a sound that bit into the quiet tranquillity of the night, and sent his heart pounding and strung his nerves tense with fear. Then, as he stood there, startled and wondering, a shadow moved across the moonlit grass at his feet; and, turning, his frightened eyes beheld a figure that seemed to turn his blood to ice.

It was the ghost. The real ghost!

It was advancing, slowly and inexorably, upon him, a silent and terrifying thing, a dark and tenebrous shape, silhouetted against the moonlight, a reality which no snatched-at courage could dissipate nor commonsense appeals dispel. On it came, and on, still silent and ever more fearful. The actor gave a strained and smothered groan, and his nerveless fingers abandoned the buttons he was essaying to do up.

At last this apparition halted, and, in a frozen terror, the actor watched it. For a few seconds, that seemed eternal, these two figures faced one another.

Standing there—silent, his black and closely cloaked figure erect, a slightly mocking smile on his pale face, his sword held out stiffly before him with the point touching the ground, the apparition in Tudor dress regarded him.

"At last this apparition halted, and, in a frozen terror, the actor watched it—"

Then suddenly the spectre laughed, a wholesome laugh that dispersed the actor's desperate fear, and said, "Tit for tat, you know!" in a voice cultivated and friendly.

"But what on earth induced *you* to do it?" the stranger asked, coming up in a sociable manner, and examining the sword and lantern the actor had abandoned.

"Well, if it comes to that," he said, defensively, "who are you?"

"No, no," said the other. "You first!"

And so, at length, under the stimulus of the newcomer's friendly manner and amiable personality, the actor told his tale.

"By Gad! that's awfully funny!" said the second ghost; "that's exactly why I took it on. Only, I can't see why you should have troubled to come all down here to do it. You see, I'm a doctor really, and Onslow Place is in my practice. Naturally, it means a good deal to us down here to have the house tenanted. I heard from the housekeeper, who's a patient of mine, what the new tenant was like, and that he was coming down to-night. I guessed *why* at once, and got my things, and came along prepared to do my duty towards myself and the countryside. But, by Jove! you did give me a turn! I thought it was the real thing this time! Thought our ghost had come back again. He's missed the last few years, they say. You did it jolly well, too! And how sporting of you to change out here! I never thought of that. I probably scared half the village on my way."

"Is it safe to strike a match here?" said the actor. "I'm dying for a smoke!"

The appearance of this other man seemed in a curious way to cap the whole affair, and to exonerate him from any further misgivings he may have had. The two ghosts went off together, as ghosts should, talking and laughing by turns in most unghostly tones.

The next morning, when the house-agent rejoined the actor at breakfast at the inn, he there and then presented him with a cheque for ten pounds.

"I'm going back by the early train," he said, "to see about the agreement."

"Then, he's taken the house, all right?"

"Taken it!" said the house-agent, rubbing his hands; "he wants to *buy* it! And, when my commission's paid, I'll send you another five."

HORACE HORSNELL

GOD AND THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE: A NEW WAY OF THE CROSS

There is now no religious teaching in the State schools of France, and it is not infrequently the custom of the schoolmaster to train the young mind to regard Christianity as a myth. M. Jean Beraud, in this striking painting—"A New Way of the Cross"—gives an eloquent idea of this new state of affairs. On the left are the little ones, a mere handful, still dutiful to their faith, while Christ himself is shown, bearing his cross anew, hounded along by Atheistic Deputies and proselytising schoolmasters. The painting, on exhibition at the Paris Salon this year, has aroused deep feeling in France

'Everybody lays hold of the two prettiest neighbours available"

THE JOYS OF CHRISTMAS IN THE GAY CITY

The Season

I'm not going to say it. I am going to be the one man in London who does not say it in print to-day because the date on this paper is *the* date. You may take it from me that I mean it, of course, and an English friend has just called me up on the telephone with remarks about mince-pies and plum-puddings, and holly, and (wait till I see if my wife's listening) mistletoe. So you see we remember to keep it in Paris, and from what I have seen of the boulevards a good many of you remember to keep it in Paris too.

When It Begins

It is one of the days in the year when modern progress makes itself felt, for every Englishman and Englishwoman whom you know finds it so much easier to ring up 125.22 and wish you many of them than to climb four flights of stairs and to be told by the Tweeny that "*tout le monde est encore couché, monsieur.*" You see, we begin it the evening before. I remember spending the evening before in London a few years ago, and wandering forlornly into half-empty music-halls. There is nothing half-empty in Paris on December 24, and well before the 25th dawns several of our friends are full. On the 25th or 26th most people whom you meet have, "of course, been to Midnight Mass." At this season of the year I am not going to call anybody a liar, but the big Suisse at the Madeleine (who is not to be confounded with the *petit suisse* at the dairy opposite) tells me that most of the people in his establishment for Midnight Mass are foreigners who come to see Parisians go there. And then with the bells at midnight comes the fun. Every seat in every theatre, every table in every decent restaurant, and, of course, all the tables at the other kind of restaurants, have been booked a fortnight ago. The head-waiter decorates the tables with flowers, the cashier puts anything she can think of on the bill, the management lays in a stock of smiles and inexpensive toys for grown-up children, and *en avant* the white wine and the oysters and the black and white puddings of the season.

How We Feed

For though we may toy with a cold turkey later on in the evening, and nibble at a *plon podin* to keep the *entente cordiale* in its place, *aut* oysters and black and white pudding *aut nihil* are, if you will excuse my German, the Paris fare for the occasion. Which is, of course, much more responsible than the wine from Rheims for the headache which makes peace and goodwill a little bit unsteady later in the day. I am quite sure my friend, Monsieur Touraine, will draw you a girl and a magnum in company, so let me here make the obvious remark. "Oh magnum—oh puss."

"Oh Magnum—Oh Puss"

What We Do Next

And when we have eaten in honour of the day we dance in honour of the night. I have never yet been able to explain to any Frenchman or Frenchwoman with whom I have celebrated *reveillon* the need for mistletoe. They always tell me "*Ah voilà*, another of your charming and amusing *petites hypocrisies anglaises*." As a matter of fact, if you don't want to be thought a curmudgeon in Paris on the night of December twenty-four to five, when you are tired of throwing little celluloid balls about, you start promiscuous kissing. When kissing is over the orchestra strikes up a merry tune that sends the *Veuve Clicquot* into your tiddle-toddle-tootsicums, and the farandole begins. Everybody lays hold of the two prettiest hands of the two prettiest neighbours available, and off you go winding in and out among the

tables, up the stairs and down again, round and round until you are out of breath. Then you pay your bill, tip right and left, and at about 3 a.m. the ladies beam out of their furs and exchange views on what is to be done with the rest of the evening. By this time a general *chassé croisé* of restaurants has begun in Paris.

"Chapeau!"

Parisians have a dislike to doing one thing in an evening and going home after it. So everyone who has eaten *réveillon* supper on the left bank or in Montmartre finishes up on the boulevards, and the knowing ones who have eaten their *réveillon* supper on the boulevards finish up with a selection of the restaurants of Montmartre. In consequence, at about half-past two or three comes, wherever you may be, the rush of new arrivals. Frenchmen do not remove their hats directly they enter a room. In consequence there is a wild yell of "*Chapeau, chapeau!*" as each new party enters a restaurant, and the puzzled expressions of the men, with their arms full of toys, ladies, and other impedimenta, as they stare round wondering *who* will not take his hat off, are often very funny. Then Montmartre, more of *The Merry Widow*, more farandoles, more toys, more kissing, and more taxicabs. A *crémerie* on the boulevards for hot coffee and nice new buttered crescents about nine o'clock, and home to bed just as the florists' men with baskets from unmarried friends ring at your door apologising for disturbing you so early. JOHN N. RAPHAEL

The Bystander IN BERLIN

HERR TROTT'S YULETIDE TRAGEDY

An Impeccable Couple

HERR Privy Councillor Trott shines in the Higher Bureaucracy. Frau Privy Councillor Trott is of no inferior dignity. They are a model pair. The husband, a twenty years' expert in the State Insurance Office, pillar of the Evangelical Church, zealot for bettering the working-man's lot and killing Socialism with kindness; the wife—dear, silver-haired, prim Frau Trott—ardent in every good cause, light of the Women's Dress-Reform Union, of the Hygienic Footclothing Society, of the League of German Mothers with Sons in the Fleet. Such an impeccable couple seemed secure against tragedy. Yet the Christmas Wish-Ticket (*der Wuenschzettel*), which brings others rejoicing, this year brought the Trotts intolerable woe. The Wish-Ticket, that is, on which loving wives inscribe the things they want their loving husbands to buy them as Christmas gifts. When on December 10 Christmas hove in sight, Frau Privy Councillor Trott made up a Wish-Ticket reflecting the motherly, disinterested spirit which moved her—a Wish-Ticket which contained not a single frivolous or useless gift, and brimmed over with things that are rightly dear to every domesticated spouse.

A Modest Wish-Ticket

Among other things, she asked for eight pairs of thick woollen stockings, six *Frottiertucher* (for the bathroom), a *Reformkorset* (Court-Surgeon Schaedeldick's Patent), and twelve calico aprons for Kaethie, the pudding-faced cook. This modest Wish-Ticket caused joy to practical Herr Privy Councillor Trott; and he vowed that the woollen stockings, the *Reformkorset*, and the twelve calico aprons should be the best that money could buy.

Fraulein Liebchen

And with his wife's homely Wish-Ticket in a pocket near his heart, he paid his usual afternoon call at the cosy flat in the Neue Babelsbergerstrasse, where Fraulein Liebchen Gluhlicht awaited him in a Louis Quinze *salon* which he had bought for her the day after their first unforgettable spree in the Cabaret *Die Spinne* (corner of Bayerischerplatz and Aschaffenburgerstrasse). Fraulein Liebchen had donned her most compelling pre-Christmas smile. And after receiving Herr Privy Councillor Trott with a warmth which somehow she had not displayed since December, 1911, she presented him with her Wish-Ticket of the things she wanted the most. The majority of things on the list the modest (and ignorant) Berlin Bystander omits. He remembers only "a set of chinchilla furs," "a gold net purse (with a plain clasp)," "twenty-four pairs of net silk stockings," "the silver box we saw at Schoen's with the make-up things," after which followed a long list of diaphanous beribboned garments, of which the Berlin Bystander has forgotten the impious names.

A Horrible Mistake

And all would have gone splendidly if overworked Herr Trott had not been so busy with his plan for reorganising the Evangelical Church that he mixed things up, put salt in his tea, and made other blunders. But on Christmas Eve, when Frau Privy Councillor Trott opened amid gaping relatives the box which contained her husband's Christmas gifts, there first flew out of it a set of chinchillas. "In addition to what I asked for!" exclaimed Frau Trott. "Generous as ever! But extravagant!" And she further unloaded the box; and one after another flew out unblushingly a silver box containing rouge and depilatories, a bottle of *Strohhalm* hair-dye, a casket with the notorious perfume *Teufelhauch*, twenty-four pairs of silk stockings, so thin that . . . But just at the moment, when certain beribboned garments, which would have been white had they not been wholly transparent, were flying out of the unblushing box, the door-bell rang. Into the drawing-room rushed an ill-mannered, unannounced young female, in whom thunderstruck Herr Privy Councillor Trott recognised Lotte, Fraulein Gluhlicht's maid and bosom friend.

The Second Box

"Fraulein Gluhlicht's compliments," said Lotte, hurling a second box contemptuously on the table. "And she says that you're late starting practical joking in your old age. . . . And she says you may send round for your ragged old dressing-gown and your slippers. . . ." Frau Privy Councillor Trott looked piercingly at Lotte and then at Herr Trott. Then, with the face of a woman at the funeral of her only infant, she opened the second box.

Wintry Pictorialities

From Various Corners :: of the World ::

SLAUGHTERED WHILE YOU WAIT

A flock of Christmas geese being driven round the streets of Cairo to be despatched on the doorsteps of purchasers

BAPTISING THE GODS

A procession of Indians passing through Durban, Natal, on their way to the Umgeni to cast their gods into the river

COMPULSORY SKI-ING

In order that children in the Riesengebirge villages on the borders of Prussia and Bohemia may attend school during the winter months, they are compelled by law to learn the art of ski-ing. In the above photograph a typical ski-ing class is seen in the neighbourhood of Rochlitz

THE GAY CITY UNDER GLOOMY CONDITIONS

A view of the Seine from one of the bridges during a real winter, which comes to Paris about as seldom as it does to London. In fact, to see snow there at Christmas-time is a phenomenon as rare as the proverbial Frenchman in cape and pantaloons

WHERE BRIDGES ARE DISPENSABLE

In St. Petersburg, during the winter season, the River Neva is frozen hard enough to support a continuous service of trams. By night the track is brilliantly illuminated by electric lamps. Above are seen trams in mid-river

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE TIDE" AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE

MR. BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS has, in his third production on the London stage within less than a twelvemonth, supplied Miss Ethel Warwick with the best part in which that lady has yet appeared. The curtain rises on a bedroom in a London hotel, and to all appearances the room is empty. There is a knock at the door, and then another knock. At length the door is opened by a chambermaid, who, after a frightened glance into the dimly lighted room, hurries away for help. It appears that huddled up on the floor at the foot of the bed is Felicity Scarth, who is certainly not justifying her first name for the moment. After she has been lifted up and laid upon a couch we are relieved to find that she is still alive. Mr. Hastings has a reputation for originality, but even he, I think, would scarcely have the courage to kill off his heroine before the curtain had been up for more than a couple of minutes. Felicity's intention had been to commit suicide, and with that distressing end in view she had put the muzzle of a revolver in her mouth and pulled the trigger. Usually at this stage of the proceedings it becomes necessary for the coroner to intervene; but it happened in this case that the revolver did not go off; and before Felicity could give the trigger another jerk she fainted away.

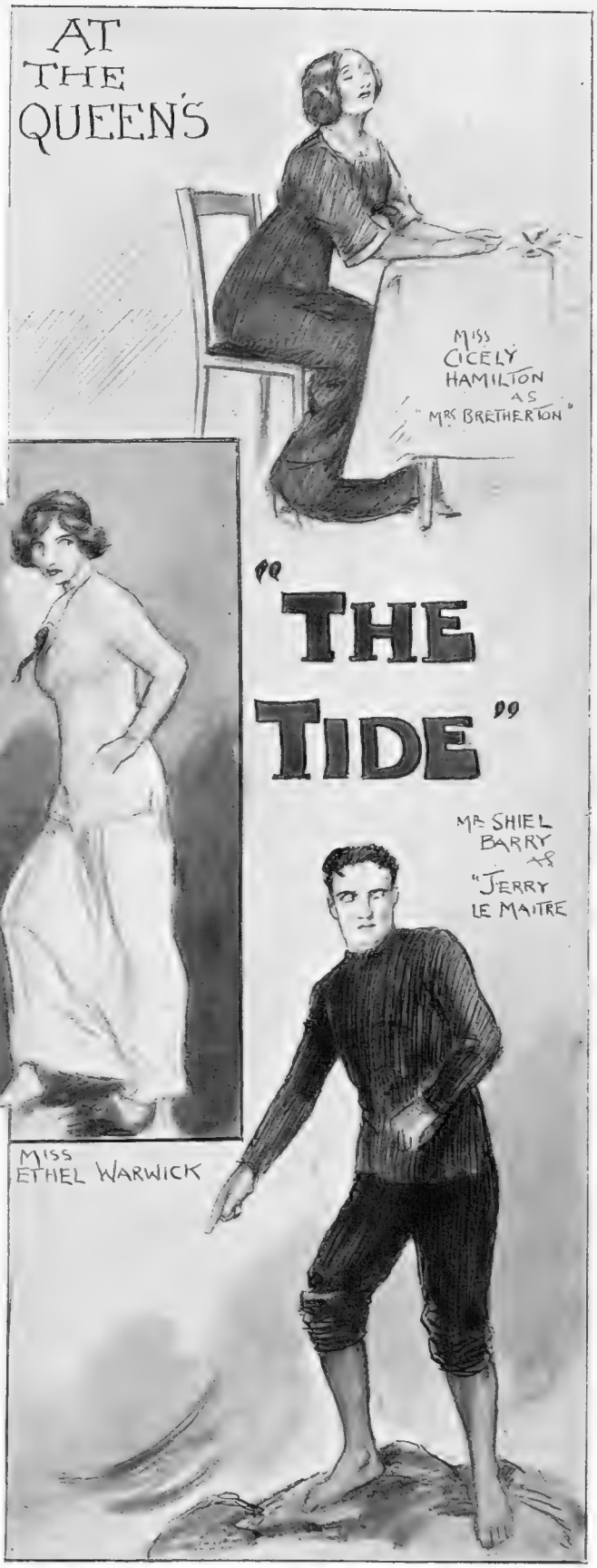
That is the story she tells the doctor who comes to attend her. Wearied of a ceaseless round of fashionable excitement, she kept herself up as long as possible with the aid of drugs, until she began to long for the unbroken rest that only death can give to anything like a satisfying extent. Dr. Stratton's advice to her is so admirable that it is not difficult to believe that he really is, as he claims to be, a successful physician. Magnanimously repressing the natural instinct of his profession to advise an operation for appendicitis under the circumstances, he tells Felicity that what she needs is the simple-life remedy, and as he talks about it in his healthy, breezy way he seems to be effecting a cure by mere suggestion. Felicity, under the influence of his contagious optimism, grows confidential. She begins by telling him her age, a subject, I believe, upon which it is not at all usual for ladies to be communicative—and even then, I have been told, you have to add five years or so on your own account if you want to get the sum right. Felicity says she is thirty-two, though she does not look anything like as old as that. She has never been married, and her child is sixteen years old. In their hurry to hush up the unfortunate family scandal, her parents farmed the baby out at once. Felicity never saw her child, and does not even know whether it is a boy or a girl.

Sketched by Norman Morrow

The second act opens a year or two later on the rock-bound coast of Guernsey, where Felicity has been living the simple life in the open air to manifest advantage. She is no longer the pale, tired woman longing for an abrupt death, but a healthy, laughing creature appreciating to the full the joy of life. A lady behind me whispered to her companion that Felicity had a perfect figure; but I have, of course, no knowledge of these matters. I am not myself a person of very distinguished appearance, unless I happen to be in Mr. Morrow's company, when by sheer force of contrast I acquire a comparative distinction which under happier circumstances I cannot claim. As it seems to be now some time since we talked of the play under notice, perhaps we had better be getting back to business. Dr. Stratton's motive in sending Felicity to Guernsey arose from the fact that her daughter had been residing there for some years. Among Felicity's neighbours are a Mrs. Bretherton and her daughter Maisie; and by degrees we learn that it is not Mrs. Bretherton, but Felicity, who is Maisie's mamma. This fact is revealed by Mrs. Bretherton herself, a character quite exquisitely represented by Miss Cicely Hamilton. Mrs. Bretherton's story is to the effect that she had no child of her own, and, quite contrary to the practice of polite Society, actually longed for one.

Once when she and her husband were staying in Cornwall they found a cottager with several children, among whom was Maisie, then a sunny-haired mite of three. Learning that Maisie was not the cottager's child, Mrs. Bretherton for a cash consideration took the little girl away with her to fill the empty corner in her heart. This is one of the most beautiful characters Mr. Hastings has created, and Miss Cicely Hamilton interprets it with a gentle pathos that adds greatly to its delicate charm. Mrs. Bretherton had never expected to meet Maisie's mother, it being generally understood, I believe, that the pa's and ma's of love-children are not, as a rule, in a hurry to assert their parental rights over their unwelcome offspring. Consequently the shock when it comes is overwhelming, and Mrs. Bretherton manifests her grief as only a woman of her type can—with a quiet resignation that is almost terrible in its mute anguish. The scene between the two women revealing their true relationship to Maisie is one that would make any play noteworthy. Maisie does not accept the new situation at all complacently. She declines to be taken to the arms of a comparative stranger like Felicity; and, besides, she has a grudge against her newly discovered mamma. There is a young Army lieutenant who has been practically engaged to Maisie; but since Felicity appeared on the scene the young man has clearly been fascinated by her maturer charms, the disparity of years being, apparently, quite a negligible detail. He has already explained to Felicity, with the knowingness of youth, that there comes a time when a fellow gets tired of "flappers"—a term which, I understand, will be included in future editions of standard English dictionaries as soon as the lexicographers have made up their minds what it means. The play was most enthusiastically received by a distinguished audience, and its success should be assured.

JINGLE



Mr. Hastings's new play, "The Tide," now running at the Queen's Theatre, mainly concerns women, and, coming from the author of "The New Sin," a dramatic success without a woman in the cast, the piece has a particular interest, and has already attracted considerable attention

SKETCHES BY NORMAN MORROW

London Tecla Gem Co., Ltd.

Tecla Pearls and Real Diamonds

BERLIN
15 Unter den Linden

LONDON
7 Old Bond Street

VIENNA
2 Kärnthnerstrasse

Tecla

NICE
16 Avenue Masséna

PARIS
10 Rue de la Paix

NEW YORK
398 Fifth Avenue

NO OTHER BRANCHES OR AGENTS IN EUROPE

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

POSSIBLY one of the reasons why the Peace Delegates chose London as their trysting-place was that we Londoners are not souvenir-hunters. In New York the Delegates' lives would hardly have been worth living, for they are interesting and novel personalities, and collectors would have been mad to gather a few mementoes of their stay.

* * *

It would not have made for Peace, clearly, if the representatives of the Near East had gone about their negotiations in hourly fear of levies being made upon their characteristically fierce and bristling moustaches, and of wild feminine attacks being conducted upon their varied and attractive chin-decorations.

* * *

As it is, they have been left unhampered. London, indeed, in these days is so polite and cosmopolitan that I do not believe a Montenegrin Plenipotentiary stepping off an esculator with his right foot first, or a Turkish envoy travelling down it in a sedentary attitude would collect even a small crowd.

* * *

Doctors must really take heed to themselves, or they will find that Ministers can dispense with their services, and themselves administer the sanatoriums. Already Mr. Churchill, who has no medical diplomas that I know of, has decided—apparently off his own bat—that Admiral Bridgeman's health was so poor that he could no longer fulfil the duties of First Sea Lord.

* * *

In China, I fancy, under the old *régime*, a prominent official whose retirement was considered necessary used to be announced as having broken his leg. No doubt the ease with which legs are set in this country would make such an excuse seem too trivial.

* * *

Mr. Runciman has persuaded the Treasury to set aside a yearly sum wherewith to compensate farmers whose tuberculous cows have to be slaughtered. This news will come as a relief to farmers, who were a little afraid that Mr. Runciman might compel them to insure each cow (by a system of cards and weekly stamps), with a view to having them sent to Government homes for treatment, should the dreaded disease declare itself.

The revised scale of telephone charges is—according to Mr. Herbert Samuel—to be announced in the first half of next year. One hopes—but dare not trust—that the charge for telling people with whom one has been wrongly connected up to go away will be, at any rate, slightly reduced.

* * *

"During the absence in India of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, who is, of course, leader of the Labour Party in Parliament, his duties devolve upon Mr. J. Parker, M.P." Mr. J. Parker must not, however, exaggerate the duties attaching to this post. "Avoid Action" should be the motto of a faithful vice-leader—with "Talk Tall" as a possible variant.

* * *

Indian civilians are not so stirred by Mr. Macdonald's advent to inquire into the conditions of the Civil Service as might have been expected. India, they contend, has always been the Land of Regrets.

SMALL VISITOR: "And where do you keep the mince-pies?"
ST. PETER: "We have none here"
S. V. (disappointedly): "Oh! I thought this was Heaven!"

THE SEASON'S PANTOMIME FARE

SOME CHANGES FOR THE GOOD—AND A PLEA FOR BETTER SONGS

Photograph Bassano

MLLE. FAVRONOWA

Who is appearing at the Scala Theatre as "Ting-a-Ling, the Spirit of Christmas," in Mr. Charles Urban's production, "Santa Claus." Mlle. Favronowa is only eleven and a half years of age, and not only dances, but possesses dramatic power to a degree remarkable in one so young

AS in previous years, THE BYSTANDER has made a careful and representative selection from the many photographs of the fair ladies who are appearing in the leading London and Provincial pantomimes. They will be found in the following pages. There is not much to record in the way of novelty—except that each year the scenic arrangements become more elaborate, the pantomime of to-day is very much what it was ten years ago, and from the rehearsals the Bystander has been privileged to attend the public are to get all they are accustomed to in the way of knock-about turns, topical songs, full of anti-Government allusions, ballet dancing, and, indeed, all that goes to the making of a good old-fashioned pantomime.

Originality to some extent, however, is to be found at Drury Lane, where the pantomime, *Sleeping Beauty*, promises to be a truly gorgeous affair. Recently Mr. Arthur Collins confessed that he would like to make his pantomimes more like musical comedy, but that his patrons would have none of it. He has done the next best thing, however, in engaging Miss Florence Smithson to enact the part of Princess Marcella. Miss Smithson, of course, is very popular with musical-comedy audiences, and is the happy possessor of a particularly pleasing voice.

Another innovation here, and a rather daring one, is the banishment of the feminine "Principal Boy." Mr. Collins explains that he is not opposed to the "Principal Boy," but in this case, as the hero has to be turned into a beast, and remain as such through many scenes, he didn't see how he was "to ask a lady to disguise herself as a savage animal half the night." However, Mr. Douthitt, of musical festival and ballad concert fame, makes an attractive Prince, when not encased in his disguise, and sings well.

As regards the remaining pantomimes, there certainly seems to be a little more variation this year in the stories chosen, but there is a profusion of *Dick Whittingtons* and *Aladdins*, while of *Cinderellas* there are not so many. In pantomime songs, save that the time is a trifle more ragged, and the verse a little less original, there is scarcely any change. There are the usual topics about hearts which remember and youths who want "a girl like the other man has got," and all the astounding sentiments of which a certain public never seems to tire. What a pity that pantomime scenas should depend on these commonplace songs.

G. W.

PANTOMIME STARS in LONDON and the PROVINCES

MISS MARJORIE MANNERS
Principal girl in "Aladdin" at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross

MISS FLORENCE SMITHSON
Who takes the part of Marcella in the Drury Lane Pantomime, "Sleeping Beauty"

MISS ROMA JUNE
Principal girl in "Aladdin" at the Marlborough Theatre

PANTOMI

IN LONDON AND TH

MISS VIOLET RUSSELL
She plays Cinderella at Sunderland

MISS ELISE CRAVEN
A charming Cinderella at the New Prince's Theatre

MISS TOPSY SINDEN
Principal Girl in "Tommy Tucker" at the Court Theatre, Liverpool

MISS CLARA BECK
Tom in "Old King Cole" at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle-on-Tyne

MISS DAISY JAMES
Principal Boy in "Forty Thieves" at the Lyceum Theatre

MISS DOROTHY WARD
Tommy Tucker at the Court Theatre, Liverpool

MISS NORA
Playing Aladdin at the

ME STARS

HE PROVINCES (Continued)

MISS KITTY DALE
Principal Boy at Princess's, Glasgow

MISS MAUDIE THORNTON
Principal Boy in "Sinbad the Sailor" at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh

MISS ELLA RETFORD
Appearing in the title-rôle of "Humpty Dumpty" at the Grand Theatre, Leeds

MISS DOROTHY CRASKE
She plays in the "Forty Thieves" at the New Theatre, Cardiff

RAE DELANY
the Kennington Theatre

MISS DAISY WOOD
Playing Dick Whittington at the Theatre Royal, Manchester

MISS MAY MOORE DUPREZ
In "Dick Whittington," Olympia, Liverpool

Pantomime Stars in London and the Provinces *(Concluded)*

THE YOUNGEST PRINCIPAL BOY: MISS OLIVE SLOANE
Who plays Colin in "Mother Goose" at the Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich

(1) MISS MAIE ASH
Principal Girl in "Goody Two Shoes" at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham

(2) MISS DAISY DORMER
Principal Girl in "Mother Hubbard" at the Grand, Glasgow

(3) MISS MABEL MEDROW
Boy at the Grand Theatre, Glasgow

(4) MISS ESTA STELLA
Playing the name part in "Aladdin" at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross

(5) MISS KITTY COLYER
Playing Alice in "Dick Whittington" at the King's, Hammersmith

(6) MISS LILY MORRIS
Boy at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool

(7) MISS CLARICE MAYNE
Boy in "Dick Whittington," at the Royal Theatre, Leeds

Meet Me in Dreamland

A Christmas Nightmare Specially Dreamt for "The Bystander"

BY HILL ROWAN

ANGELINA is waiting for me in the conservatory as I hurry from the ballroom.

"Edwin, all is over!" she whispers distractedly. "Papa will not hear of our engagement!"

"He will soon hear of our marriage," I answer between my teeth. "It makes it all the more exciting to have an elopement. Come, let us fly!"

My car is at the door. I lift her in, and we are off.

"Courage!" I murmur, pressing her hand. "I can work—I can make my mark in the world."

"*You* could do anything," she whispers.

We are at the Albert Hall. A crowd seethes round it. "Lloyd George speaking," says a voice. I find myself suddenly inside. Notabilities all round me. I thrust them aside, and address the audience.

"People of England, we ask for common justice, common humanity! We, the women of England, appeal, gentlemen, to your chivalry; we demand a hearing. What I mean to say is this, don't you know—it's an awfully beastly shame torturing women in gaol and all that sort of thing—er—however——"

Angelina pulls me away by the arm. It is not a female vote meeting at all; it's a debate on the Insurance Act. I hear laughter behind us. Angelina is mistaken for a Suffragette, and mobbed. I have to knock over a Bishop and a Cabinet Minister before I get her away. . . .

We are at His Majesty's Theatre. *Hamlet* or *Othello*, or something of that sort, is on—Sir Herbert Tree has fallen ill—no one to take his place. Just my chance. I stride through the stage-door and on to the stage.

"Pshah! Tush! Thou art not Romeo!"

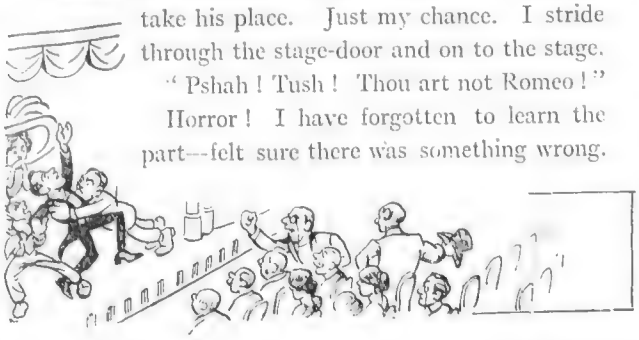
Horror! I have forgotten to learn the part—felt sure there was something wrong. Gala night, too! Am pushed off the stage by two scurvy varlets.

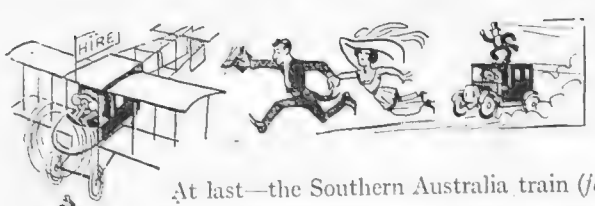
Out in the street I run into a large negro, powerfully built. "Jack Johnson," says someone. He engages me in single combat. As soon as I have beaten him [!—Ed.] Angelina and I jump into the car and dash for the country.

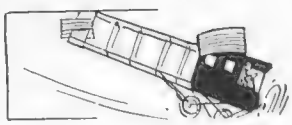
Wh-r-rh! Cra-ash! We have fallen over a precipice. Angelina's picture-hat acts as a parachute, and steadies her on the way down. We lose a lot of valuable time falling. Chauffeur gives notice while in the air.

Smash! We must have reached the bottom about now, judging from the row, but none the worse except for a slight headache; my waistcoat simply ruined with dust, though—why don't they keep their precipices properly swept? Lucky this is only a dream; we might have been seriously hurt. Shall write to the Board of Trade about it.

The precipice has faded away, and a railway station springs up before us. I book for Southern Australia, and look up Bradshaw for the next train. Bradshaw! Bradshaw is bad enough when you are awake, but try it in a dream——! The 11.15 is "Thursdays excepted," and this, of course, is Thursday; the 12.30 stops at Marseilles, and never seems to move after that—looks as if they were making a large collection of trains at Marseilles. The 12.40 is just the sort of train we want—restaurant car, non-stop express, wireless telephone, valet and chaplain carried—everything slap-up—but there are yellow hand-bills in the station to say it is taken off for the Christmas holidays. Plenty of trains coming the other way—*from* Southern Australia—every five minutes or so—comfortable, fast trains, with civil guards and engine-drivers. On *our* platform the officials are deaf and dumb, blind and over-bearing.







At last—the Southern Australia train (*for* Southern Australia)—1.15. Perfect train—steam-heated, corridor carriages; clean, obliging guard. We are off! Oh, the delight of——

We have stopped! Railway strike on! I get out and thrash the guard; what a pleasure to be able to do something definite at last.

"Wait! There is a motor-car coming up behind us. We are saved!"

"On the contrary, we are lost," I answer. "It is your father panting after us." I hail a taxi-aeroplane, and we jump in.

"Arabia," I observe to the driver; "no luggage. Take the second thunderstorm to the right. Drop a bomb over the old gentleman behind.

By the time the explosion has ceased to reverberate we are over the Bay of Biscay and strong on the wing. Angelina overbalances herself and falls out. In a moment I have knocked the driver from the box, let out gas ["gas!"—*lapsus somni*.—Ed.], made a *vol plane*, and caught her fifty feet from the water.

"Do be careful," I observe.

"I must have been dreaming, Edwin," she answers. "Is my hat on straight?"

Two thousand feet up. Fizz! Our fire extinguisher has gone on fire—spontaneous combustion. I hurl it overboard and ask the driver what he means by carrying dangerous explosives.

Seven thousand feet above the Mediterranean! Bang! A stay or something explodes and drops us flat. Brake won't act—position desperate! An idea strikes me. I seize the helm, aim the aeroplane at a submarine I see floating below the surface, and we dive at it and climb on board. Angelina suggests my taking command—feels sure I could do it. One drawback, though—I have never been at sea before. Worse still, *they cannot make the submarine rise to the surface.* Another idea—I thrust Angelina into a torpedo-tube, follow her myself, and they fire us out. We regain the aeroplane, and continue our journey.

Where to? I know—Paris. A quiet place, but so healthy! I am sure the climate will suit Angelina. Wh-r-rh! We *are* travelling; I feel as if I had swallowed a Catherine wheel. We land at the Quai d'Orsay—fare £142 2*s.* 8*d.* The driver has added twopence as an extra for the time we spent falling into the Mediterranean, and has put up an amateur record in fares; he ought to win the *Daily Mail* Aeroplane Extortion Competition.

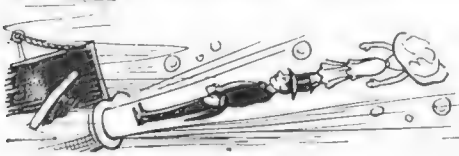
The President is holding a reception. He welcomes me like an old friend, and I present Angelina. Celebrities pass before us and grasp me by the hand; they come out of a sort of mist and fade away again—Lord Kitchener, Maeterlinck, Mr. Roosevelt, Miss Maud Allan, Senator Smith—"no waiting," like at a cinematograph show. They move without apparent effort, as if they were on castors. Some of them were thousands of miles away twenty-four hours ago, yet I feel no surprise at finding them here. I can speak French fluently. My evening dress is faultless; so is Angelina's, in spite of our having been down a precipice and under the Mediterranean (clean ocean, the Mediterranean!)

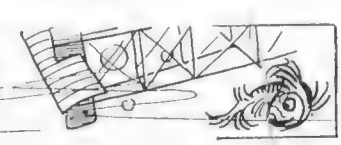
I ascend a platform and begin a speech on the *Entente Cordiale*. Horror! Angelina's father evolves himself out of space, and appears in front of me—in perfect health, though he was blown up hours ago. This is the most useless nightmare I have ever taken part in. So embarrassing, just when all the celebrities of Europe are waiting to hear my speech!

I find my throat is paralysed. I should like to say a great deal to her father, but I cannot. He doesn't say anything; he only seizes Angelina and drags her away. I try to rush after them, but the celebrities accumulate round me in a mass and hustle me. My feet sink into the carpet, and take root there. Angelina's father drags her to the door, assisted by the attendants. She shrieks. With a superhuman effort I extract one foot from the carpet——

. . . . . .

"Your hot water, sir. A merry Christmas!"





A Transparent Excuse

SHE: "Will you waltz, Colonel?"
HE (*holding on like grim death*): "Nothing would give me greater pleasure; but—er—as a matter of fact—I've promised to trundle the wife round"

BY HARRY ROUNTREE

What England Obtained

Out of the Last Great Eastern Peace Conference

A CATHEDRAL OF VARYING CREEDS
The magnificent cathedral at Famagusta, built by the early Crusaders, and now used by Moslems

CYPRUS: AS IT IS TO-DAY

THAT part of Europe which is suspicious of England is asking what she is going to get out of the present Near Eastern Peace Conference. It remembers that, at the last one, that of Berlin in 1878, she obtained Cyprus. A few words concerning the island to-day are not, therefore, out of place. Cyprus is one of the most interesting spots in the Mediterranean, for it was long occupied by both Venetians and Crusaders, the latter building the Famagusta and Nicosia Cathedrals, both now used as mosques by the Turks. The old port of Famagusta, and Nicosia, the capital, would alone repay a visit to the island, both towns being surrounded by massive stone ramparts, rebuilt by the Venetians to repel the Turks, though in the end the former were vanquished.

Nicosia is about twenty miles inland, in the midst of a great plain, which, stretching the whole length of the island, is bounded on one side by the Troodos range, about 6,000ft. high, and on the other by the Kyrenia Hills, ranging to about 3,000ft.

A CYPRIOTE MAIDEN
The Cypriotes are quite an interesting people. They are unique in so much as they do not insist on backsheesh as do other Orientals

In winter—from the beginning of November to the end of February—the climate of Nicosia is well-nigh perfect, and anyone wishing for a bracing place would do well to pay it a visit; for, though there is plenty of sun, the cold, dry winds from the snow-covered mountains add years to one's life.

There is one quaint little hotel, in the main street, kept by George, an Armenian, who makes one very comfortable.

Nicosia is famous for its silks, which are woven by the women on hand-looms in their houses; and, if required, they will weave any colour or quality of silk to order.

TURKISH CYPRIOTES IN NATIONAL COSTUME

The Cypriotes are a picturesque people, and afford endless subjects for both artists and photographers, a pleasant feature about them (especially noticeable to people coming from Egypt) being that a lady can ride about all day through the villages round Nicosia and most other parts and never be taken the slightest notice of, or asked for backsheesh. By far the pleasantest way of seeing the country is to hire a mule or horse, which can be done quite cheaply;

though, for those who don't care about riding, there are very comfortable landaus, drawn by three or four ponies abreast.

A delightful day's excursion from Nicosia is that to the old and beautiful monastery of Bellapais, perched high up on the other side of the Kyrenia Hills, and commanding a glorious panorama of sea coast and hills.

About the end of June the English High Commissioner and his staff of Government officials ride or drive to their summer quarters on the top of Mount Troodos (where the snows by that time have completely disappeared), 6,000ft. up, and a distance of about fifty-four miles by carriage road from Nicosia. The British army (consisting of one company of infantry) about the same time, or earlier, march up to the hills from their winter quarters at the port of Limasol, the other side of the island, and only thirty-four miles by road to Troodos. Visitors wishing to spend the summer on Troodos had best land at Limasol, and, if needful, spend a day and night at Nejim Houry's hotel, where all will be done for their comfort, starting early next morning for the hills in one of the four-horsed landaus, which will hold all luggage required for the trip. The carriage, with relays of horses, will cost from £2 to £3, though, if wishing to do it cheaply, good riding mules can be procured.

NICOSIA

As seen from the verandah of George's Hotel, a comfortable enough little hostelry in the main street of the town

BRUSHWOOD SELLERS

Going their rounds

Those who know say that the life on Troodos is very similar to that of an Indian hill station, the community consisting, as it does, almost entirely of English officials, who camp out in wooden shanties or under canvas; for, though the air is fresh and invigorating, rain rarely comes until September.

There is a good deal of rough shooting to be had; but the guns rarely come back with anything except a healthy appetite, owing to the shyness of the birds.

There is one tin hotel, "The Olympus," on the top of the hill, run by Nejim Houry, which is quite cheap, and, considering the difficulties of transport, quite comfortable.

The scenery among the hills is most striking, and on a clear, moonlight night, from the hotel balcony, the sea can be seen 6,000ft. below shimmering in the light; and for those who care about early rising, the sunrise, as seen from Mount Olympus (about 400ft. higher), is said to be glorious.

STILL EXTANT

A pair-horsed carriage used by tourists in Cyprus. This is, we believe, the only comfortable means of progression on the island, the motor-bus and tramcar still being unknown quantities to the natives, indifferent, like most Orientals, to the mixed blessings of Western civilisation

A picture of the "Espérance" Morris and Country Dancers as they appeared at Earl's Court last summer

MATTERS MUSICAL

A THOUGHT ON MORRIS-DANCES

Merrie England

THERE are still, I believe, people who talk of "Merrie England," and vaguely associate it with Morris-Dances, Maypoles, and Shakespeare's plays. They are generally sentimentalists of the kind who prate of the "good old times"—which never existed—and "Good Queen Bess"—who possessed every quality you like but goodness. They idealise beer in the past and practise vegetarianism in the present. To me, personally, they are most distasteful.

The Foolish Cynic

But there is no reason why, because of the foolishness of some people who gush about the thing of which Morris and Country Dances are supposed to be a part, that the dances themselves should incur the sneers and jibes of every cynic who chooses to put pen to paper. I am thinking especially of a criticism of the English Folk-Dance Society's charming performance at the Savoy Theatre the other day that appeared in the *Daily Mail*. The writer seemed to imagine that there was something ludicrous about dancing the dances at all. Not knowing, I suppose, that most dances which eventually found their way into the ballroom sprang originally from the folk, he thought it highly amusing to make merry at the expense of those who would like to see that dignified measure, the One-Step, and that stately movement, the Turkey-Trot, replaced by something less neurotic.

Sects and Sectaries

Now, I do not think that the English Morris and Country Dances are the "last word" in Dancing. Even excluding all but national dances, I can find it in my heart to prefer those of Spain, and, perhaps, of Hungary. That is entirely a question of personal preference. But, first, or merely second-rate, they are the best we have. To neglect such an important side of our national expression, to overlook the great pleasure that our old dances can give us to-day, would be as foolish as entirely to neglect Chaucer.

Spirit or Letter

If the cynic needs must scoff, let him leave the dances and the dancers alone, and turn his attention to the jealousies and quarrels that, at the present moment, seem inseparable from the mere name of the Morris. The Morris-world, indeed, resembles nothing so much as the early Church, which "united in one principle of discord, that an heretic is more odious than an unbeliever." Morris-Dancing will soon have to be registered as one of the dangerous trades, so exposed is its exponent to the attacks of somebody or other. He is told that he either dances too elegantly or not elegantly enough, that his leg is too bent or too straight, etc., etc. As if anybody really could lay down an invariable law on the subject. If you join the Espérance Club you are excommunicated by the Folk Dance Society; if you are a member of the latter you are anathema to the former. And so it goes on, as those interested know, throughout the length and breadth of England. The only thing that suffers is the common cause of Morris-Dancing, and those of us who care more for the spirit than the letter are left to answer the scoffers at the whole movement as best we may. It would be quite amusing, had we not grown thoroughly disgusted with the whole subject.

FRANCIS TOYE

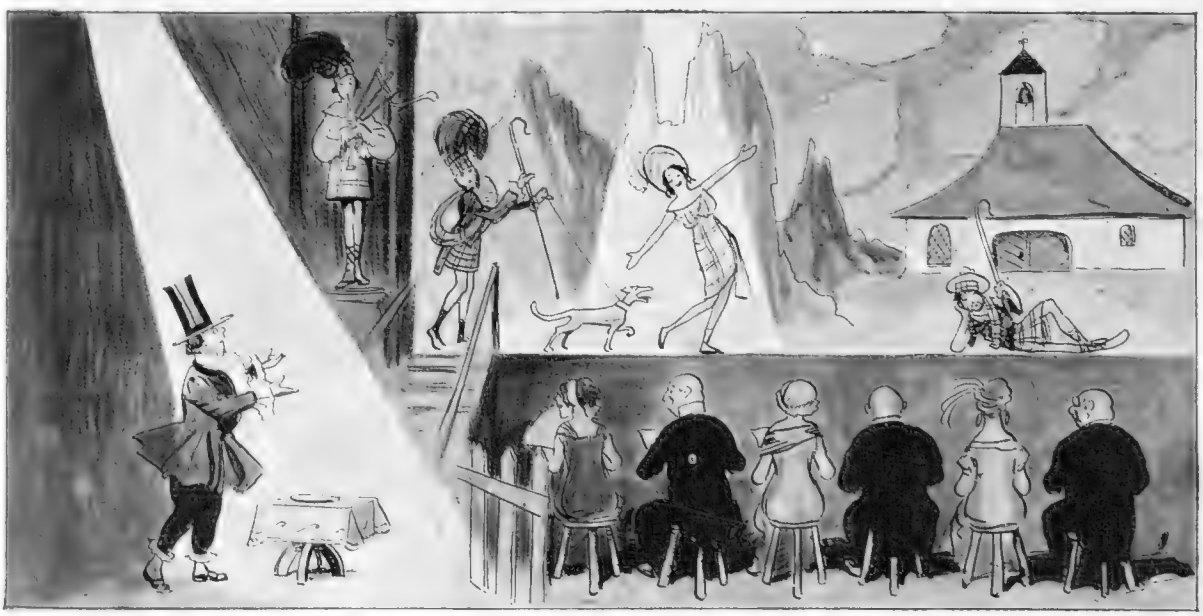
Another picture of the dancers and their fiddler. The "fool" (in the middle of the back line), following tradition, is supposed to be the best dancer. Originally, of course, Morris-Dances were danced by men alone

What Might Have Been

IF THE THREE THEATRICAL SUCCESSES OF 1912 HAD BEEN PRODUCED UNDER OTHER MANAGEMENTS THAN THEY WERE

"MILESTONES," PRODUCED BY MR. GEORGE EDWARDES: THE GRAND FINALE

"FANNY'S FIRST PLAY," PRODUCED BY THE BROS. MELVILLE: THE GREAT FIGHT IN LEICESTER SQUARE



"BUNTY," PRODUCED BY BARKER, COSTUMES BY ROTHENSTEIN: "WEELUM" AT THE PLATE

BY NORMAN MORROW

Dinners: By Bart Kennedy

NEVER dine until you are really hungry, even if you have a pocket full of sovereigns. And you will avoid half the ills of life. You won't die before your time. You will live as long as you ought to live. Digging your grave with your teeth. It is stupid. No sensible person does it. North American Indians, who have forgotten more about keeping fit than white men ever knew, never eat till they are really hungry. Fire-water is bad for them, and they know it. But they also know that eating when they are not hungry is worse.

Doctors will tell you that the human body is a machine, and that meals should be taken with unfailing regularity. But what doctors don't know about the human body would fill a good many thick books. A fee is what these medicine men understand best.

The body is a machine, but it is a machine that understands itself best. It lived in the world long, long before doctors began to meddle with it. It knows what it wants, and it knows how to ask for it. When it wants food it asks for it in no uncertain voice.

The earth is filled mainly with two classes of people—those who eat too little and those who eat too much. And both are in an equally bad way as far as food is concerned. You will often at a club see men who sit down and grumble and growl through the whole of a meal at the food that is put before them. The food is the best obtainable, and it is cooked beautifully. But they grumble, grumble, grumble. Nothing is good enough. Nothing is right. The truth of the matter is that these lads are not hungry at all. If they were taken gently by the scruff of the neck and put in some place where they would get nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, they would, when next they came to table, eat in swift silence.

A man who is never really hungry misses the finest sensation in life. He knows not what it is to live. He knows nothing of that sauce that is infinitely finer than the sauce that any epicure has invented.

English cooking is the best in the world, and was especially designed for hungry men. I have no desire to be impolite to our French allies; but I must say that I don't appreciate their cooking. It is too much on the tempting-the-jaded-appetite line to suit me. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the jaded appetite is simply a surfeited appetite. And the best cure for it is going for a whole day without any food whatever.

The reason that the tramp is such a super-healthy person is because he only eats when he is properly hungry. When he gets a meal, he enjoys that meal. Often whole days go by when he has no food at all. But for all that he is in much better health than an over-fed duke.

The most enjoyable way to eat a meal is to be very hungry, to cook it yourself, and to eat it from your hand. These sort of meals are the meals that I myself have enjoyed most. If you are really hungry the knife and fork gets in the way. Knives and forks! I am sure they are not the best implements to help oneself to one's food. The fingers are really the best. And the fingers are the most cleanly. For one's fingers are one's own.

This knife-and-fork civilisation, in which we men are at present disporting ourselves, has become altogether too machine-ridden. However, it will pass. We will live in a more natural way when our brains get large enough.

I don't believe in talking about the good old times, for the good old times are dead—and, I hope, buried. The present is the time I like to discuss. And at present the main trouble is about food. Food lies behind wars and men's ambitions. It is not really gold that men strive after. It is food.

Dear me! Dinners are behind everything. They are behind revolutions, raids, and the painting of maps red or blue or green or whatever colour we like. They are behind even the splendour and the magic of art. If the artist had his dinner provided for him daily, free, gratis, and for nothing, the chances are a hundred to one that he wouldn't art. The great artists, and the great writers, and the great anythings have, in the immense majority of cases, been men who needed dinners badly.

Dinners are everything. You can talk as big and as loud as you like. And you can talk as loftily and as ideally as you like. Dinners! Men will fight for their dinners when they give other things the cold, passing eye. The strike not so very long ago was a strike that concerned dinners. Yes, dinners are thought a good deal of by our dear old friend, man. And naturally. If he couldn't get dinners he would not adorn this planet very long with his gracious presence.

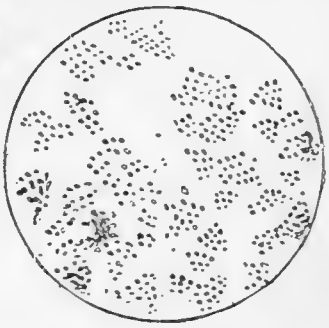
And that is why I am filled with a deep sorrow when I see men not treating their dinners with the reverence and appreciation with which they should. A man who has a good dinner ought to enjoy it. He ought at least to pay it the compliment of being hungry when he sits down to it. And he ought to remember that there are lots of people who have no dinner to sit down to. But—well, I won't go into that just now.

I have often been very, very hungry myself before I dined, and I am sure that I am all the better and healthier for it. A little starvation does us all good. And I am sure that there are lots of sour, selfish men who would be really decent fellows if they had gone through a little hard experience. If they had had a few days, say, in a large town, with absolutely no money, they would have got an extra convolution in their brains that would have enabled them to be more sympathetic and brotherly with their fellows. It is a curious thing. Experience is really the only teacher. You may have the imagination of Shakespeare, Milton, Michael Angelo, and whoever you like, rolled up together, and you won't know what it really means to be hungry and to have no money to get food without you have experienced it. The greatest writer who ever slung ink can't picture it for a man so that he will know it as vividly as if he had gone through it himself. This being the case, it is, to say the least, only the polite thing to do to make the most of your dinner when you have one to sit down to.

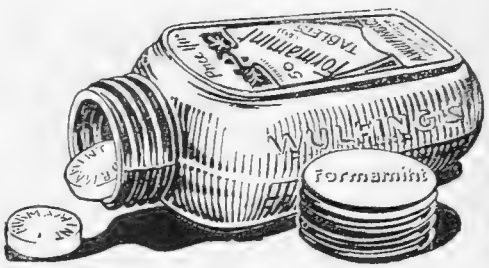
Dine only when you are hungry, and you will be happy and live long.

BART KENNEDY

The Sore Throat Cure



These are the germs that make your throat sore;
And these are the tablets that germs abhor.
They cure your Sore Throat—the pain quickly ease;
They safeguard you, too, from infectious disease.
They're perfectly harmless—they taste very nice;
One and eleven a bottle's the price.
All Chemists sell them—but take this hint;
There's only *one* Wulfing's Formamint.
So be sure you get the genuine thing—
This coupon a Sample—gratis—will bring.



MR. J. HUGHES, Sanitary Inspector for Aberystwyth District Council, writes:—"I have proved Formamint a complete cure in Sore Throat, and always keep a supply at hand as a safeguard against infectious diseases."

Wulfing's **Formamint**

THE GERM KILLING THROAT TABLET

FREE SAMPLE.

Messrs. A. Wulfing & Co., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.

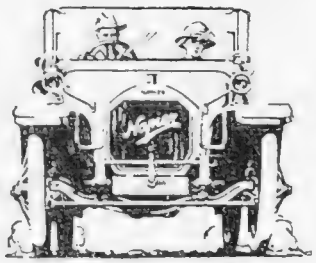
Please send me a sample of Formamint, which I have not yet tried.

Name.....

Address.....

F. 139. .....

SEND THIS TO-DAY.



"A better-known quantity in many ways than any other Car."

The Extra Strong COLONIAL NAPIER

is so described by a writer in the "Westminster Gazette," November 9, 1912, and of all the praise accorded to this car none is more peculiarly appropriate than this. Test after test, under extraordinarily difficult conditions, have proved the 15 h.p. Colonial Napier to possess stability and reliability to a degree only realised by owners in the Colonies. The following facts about this famous car are interesting to everybody who is thinking of buying a car, because they are points that the expert looks for first:—

Eleven-inch ground clearance.

Specially long and strong springs, with transverse springs at back.

Low gear fitted, which enables car to climb very steep inclines and get out of river beds, etc.

The radiator and water-pipes are of very large dimensions, and a water-pump is fitted to ensure perfect cooling in the Tropics.

Special steering lock, enabling car to be turned in a small space.

Automatic forced lubrication to engine, ensuring equal and perfect oiling to bearing surfaces.

And many other points of real value to the intending purchaser.

Will you write for the new Napier Book, please?

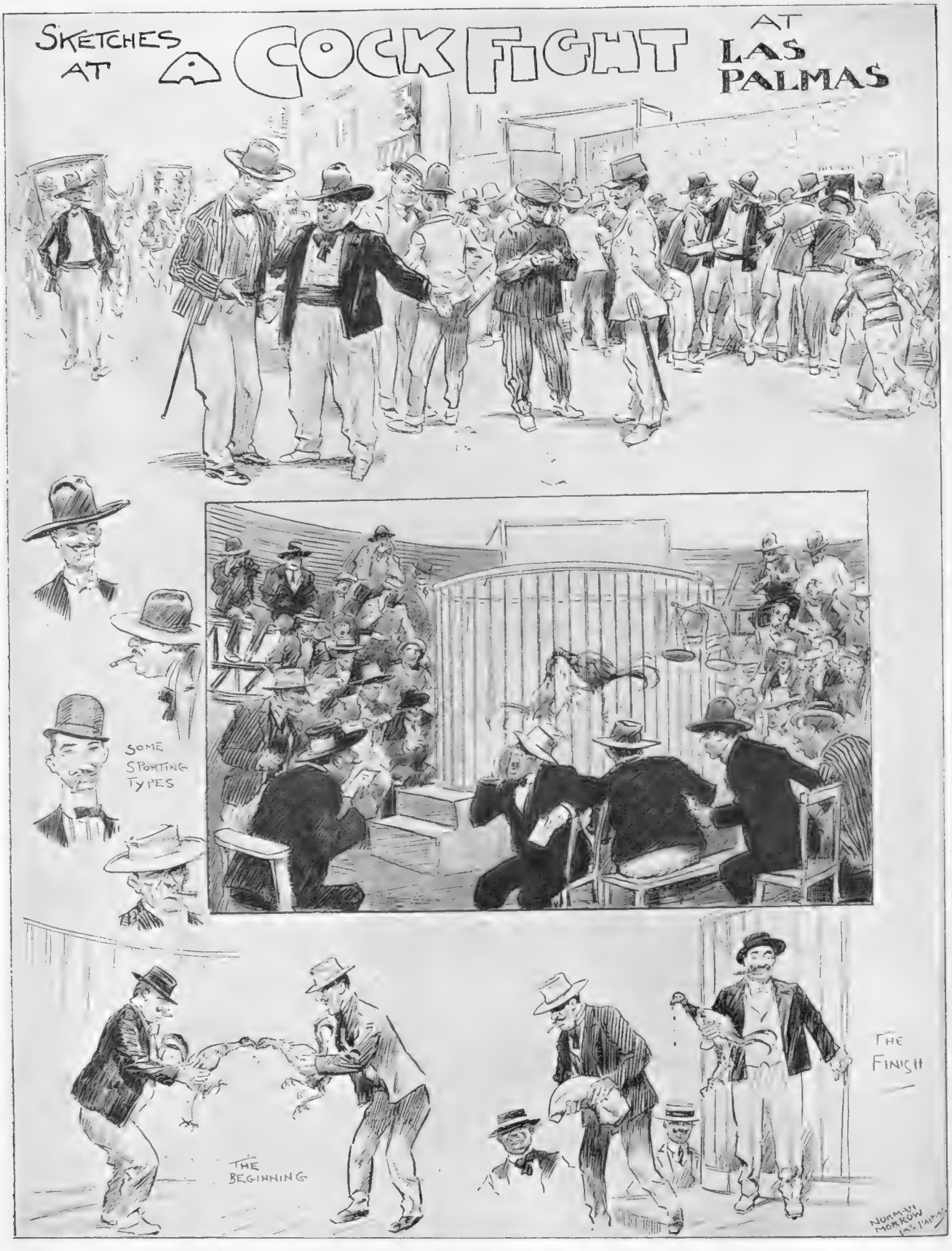
Cable Codes: Lieber's, Western Union, and A.B.C. 5th Edition.

S. F. EDGE, Ltd.,

14, New Burlington St., LONDON, W.

Telegrams: "NITRIFIER," London.

Rudge Detachable Wire Wheels Save Tyres.



A "BYSTANDER" ARTIST'S IMPRESSION, FROM PERSONAL OBSERVATION

The above drawings will have special interest for those of our readers contemplating visiting the Canary Islands this winter. Cock-fighting is a particular diversion of the inhabitants of these parts, and to be among the audience in a cock-pit at Las Palmas is a unique experience. Much betting is indulged in on the chances of the respective combatants, and excitement is worked up to fever pitch

BY NORMAN MORROW

LANCIA.

DOUBTLESS a miracle could produce a better vehicle than the 30 h.p. Lancia Car, but doubtless the genius of mankind never did. The Lancia chassis is complete with every accessory that long experience and expert study have demonstrated to be desirable and necessary adjuncts to a cultured motorist's car—from a complete electric lighting installation with all lamps down to the minutiæ of the kit.

W. L. Stewart & Co., Ltd., 26, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W. Telephone: Regent 1641-2-3. Telegrams: "Cialanic - Piccy, London."

Player's NAVY CUT

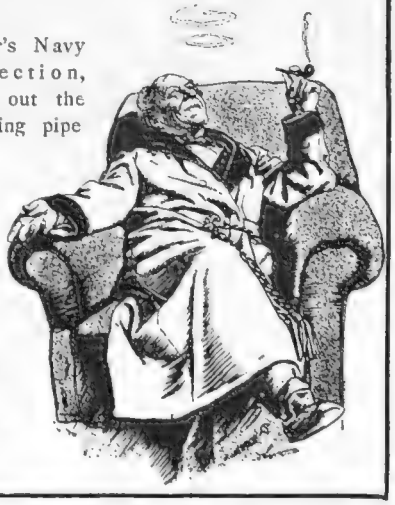
is pure Virginia Tobacco made by hand into Plugs—Navy Plugs—properly and carefully cut into convenient slices.

It is manufactured for those who wish for and appreciate a "straight" Virginia.

To enjoy Player's Navy Cut in Perfection, thoroughly rub out the slices before filling pipe or pouch.

Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking.

May be obtained from all Tobacconists and Stores.



ACETYLENE

HONG KONG, CHINA.
CALCUTTA, INDIA.
ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.
TRANSVAAL, SOUTH AFRICA.
WESTERN AUSTRALIA.
NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA.
SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.
NIGEL, SOUTH AFRICA.
IDAHO, UNITED STATES.
GIBRALTAR, SPAIN.
CAIRO, EGYPT.
ONTARIO, CANADA.
MONTSERRAT, WEST INDIES.
WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.
TESTIMONY FROM OVER SEAS
All these are portraits of children fed on the "Allenburys" Foods.
Gratifying evidence as to their value is constantly coming to hand from all parts of the world. Such testimony is received, not only from parents, but also from an ever increasing number of members of the Medical and Nursing Professions.
MILK FOOD No. 1
From birth to 3 months.
MILK FOOD No. 2
From 3 to 6 months.
MALTED FOOD No. 3
From 6 months.
Pamphlet, "Infant Feeding and Management," sent free.
Allen & Hanburys Ltd.,
LOMBARD STREET,
LONDON.
The 'Allenburys' Foods

Copyright

TESTIMONY FROM THE BRITISH ISLES

All these are portraits of children fed on the "Allenburys" Foods.

The remarks appearing underneath each picture are extracts taken from the letters received with the photographs. The "Allenburys" Foods provide a complete and progressive dietary—they develop firm flesh and strong bone—and children thrive upon them as on no other diet.

Milk Food No. 1
From birth to 3 months.

Milk Food No. 2
From 3 to 6 months.

Malted Food No. 3
From 6 months.

Pamphlet, "Infant Feeding & Management," sent free.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.,
Lombard Street, London.

The 'Allenburys' Foods

Copyright

A New Game

I HAVE discovered a new game for Christmas. The players, who should, if possible, be elderly gentlemen, sit round a table and guess who wrote Shakespeare. Any number of guesses is allowed, and the chief merit of the game is that no one can *prove* anyone to be right. Oscar Wilde used to say that even the truth could be proved, and no doubt it can, but not always. (And how very lucky that is, is it not?) In my game, there is only one rule: you must guess one name, because no one has yet suggested that the Shakespeare plays grew of themselves out of nothing in particular—abiogenetically, so to speak. No, there was an author, and you have got to find out who he was. And as it is my game, I am allowed to give hints to the players. For instance, if you don't think that Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare, guess Shagsper or Shaxspere, or Chuck-spar or Bacon or Bungay, or, if desirous of being up to date, Lord Rutland. Then, after everyone has guessed, and argued, and called somebody else a horrible name, according to the usual ethics in Shakespearean criticism, you give the prizes. (Everybody gets a prize in my game.)

The Controversy

To be more serious. The Shakespeare-Bacon controversy is raging just at the moment with unusual keenness, and I sometimes wonder how many people are interested in it. Largely, of course, the thing is a matter of faith. You believe just what you want to believe, and if you didn't, life would be a very dull proposition. And there are almost as many faiths connected with the authorship of the inimitable plays as there are connected with religion. First, of course, there are the ordinary students of Shakespeare who see no reason to doubt that the Stratford man of that name was the author. They disagree among themselves as to precisely which plays he did write—but why shouldn't they? They disagree about his scholarship; but if they did not, what would our Professors of English Literature do? As everyone knows, all our greatest poets have written their books in order to allow other people to write books about them. Then there are students of the plays who cannot bring themselves to believe that the Stratford rustic could have been the real author of plays exhibiting such extraordinary legal knowledge, etc., etc.

The Best Exposition

Undoubtedly the best exposition of this negative theory is Mr. George Greenwood's *The Shakespeare Problem Restated* (Lane: 21*s.* net). Mr. Greenwood must be given the premier position, if for no other reason than that the orthodox Shakespeareans, if tempted to reply, generally reply to him in preference to the third group, which maintains, on various grounds, that Francis Bacon was the true author. And the Baconians, or, as I think they should call themselves, the Baconites, for there are many students of Bacon, who repudiate any idea of him as a concealed dramatist, can also be separated into several sub-clauses. The more reasonable among them produce internal and external evidence bearing on their theory, at the same time pointing out what is undoubtedly true, the paucity of really establishable facts in the life of the Stratford actor. The Stratfordians and the Baconites produce books with the greatest regularity, and always fail to understand how anyone can be so entirely foolish as to disagree with their views. This is always pleasing to a bystander.

The Cryptogramomaniacs

But there is also another section of the Baconites which dispenses with all such arguments on account of various ciphers alleged to exist, and to have been deciphered by them, in the plays and elsewhere. The ciphers, however, or, at least, those which I have seen, can easily be disproved—Mrs. Gallup's, for instance, with very little trouble by anyone with more than an elementary knowledge of typography. To have run Bacon's biliteral cipher, for instance, through only a few plays in the Folio, would have needed many, many years' labour on the part of the compositors, poor wretches. (I am an amateur compositor myself.)

Other Theories

Then there are Baconites who believe that Bacon not only wrote the plays of Shakespeare, but also every work of importance published during his lifetime. He wrote Marlow and Spenser and Burton. In fact, he was, according to one or two amiable fanatics, constantly being reincarnated, and was, no doubt, the author of *The Everlasting Mercy*, hitherto ascribed to John Masefield. And, finally, arising on the Continent, is another section, which scorns alike Stratfordians and Baconites, and proposes Lord Rutland, of Belvoir Castle, as the true author of *Hamlet* and the other plays.

The Latest Books

Some books bearing on the subject are mightily interesting, others extraordinarily dull. I can mention but two or three of those recently published. Mr. Greenwood finds an opponent in Andrew Lang, whose last book, *Shakespeare, Bacon and the Great Unknown* (Longmans: 9*s.* net), should be read by everybody interested in the question. Mr. Lang prods and pokes fun and writes humanly. Then there is *The Bacon Craze* (Sherratt and Hughes: 1*s.* net), an Answer to *The Shakespeare Myth*, by Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence, that penny pamphlet which, to the number of several hundred thousands, was scattered over the country a few months ago. And, finally, there is *Lord Rutland est Shakespeare* (Paris, Ferdinando: 3fr. 50), by Celestin Demblon, a lengthy and not uninteresting book, in French, by the way, giving the palm to that Earl of Rutland in whose account books Shakespeare's name once occurs. M. Demblon's work should be added to the Shakespeare library, if only as a curiosity, but in his second edition he must not speak of Elizabeth Montagu as the Countess of Sandwich.

RALPH STRAUS

LOCKS, BOLTS, AND BARS
may FLY ASUNDER,
But not TO RIFLE,
ROB, OR PLUNDER
("The Wolf," with apologies)

If your Cash or Jewels are safe in a

"TRUSTY" Alarm Box.

CASH BOXES from £2 0 0 to £5 0 0
An Ideal Present for a Gentleman

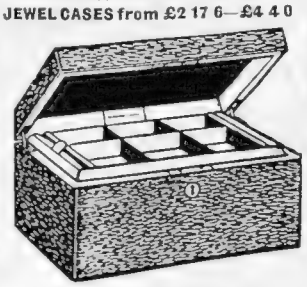
GOLD MEDAL Antwerp Exhibition 1911
GOLD MEDAL Paris Exhibition 1912

A necessity to all who wish to secure the SAFETY of their valuables at home or on their travels.
Nothing to get out of order.
SIMPLE, RELIABLE, EFFECTIVE.

These **Portable Safes** are a lifetime insurance against burglary, for which there is **ONLY ONE PREMIUM to pay—the initial cost.** The Cash Boxes are made in Solid Steel. Jewel Cases in Steel Japanned, and Steel or Hardwood Leather covered, in various dainty colours.

THE TIMES says: "The slightest movement puts the alarm in motion."
TRUTH says: "The many frequent robberies of jewel cases that take place while ladies are travelling would seem to be rendered practically impossible."

Illustrated Booklet Post Free.
JEWEL CASES from £2 17 6—£4 4 0



Simple Sizes and Requirements made to order.

Tele: 6508 GERRARD. *Tels:* "TRUALARM, LONDON."

MAINWARING & CO.,
194, SHAFTESBURY AV., LONDON, W.C.

Can you spare a penny

a day for four months and three days? Put it by, and then spend it all at once on a "Swan" Fountpen. That's our way to show you how little a "Swan" costs. Can't your imagination picture how it could then save many pennies' worth of time daily?

Once get the "Swan" habit—and it is easily acquired—and you won't go back to steel pens again.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS & JEWELLERS

BE SURE YOU GET THE

10/6 to £20.

"SWAN"

New Catalogue free on request.

MABIE, TODD & CO., 79 & 80, High Holborn, London, W.C.
38, Cheapside, E.C.; 95a, Regent Street, W., London; 3, Exchange Street, Manchester; 10, Rue Neuve, Brussels; Brentano's, 37, Ave. de l'Opéra, Paris; and at New York, Chicago, Toronto and Sydney.

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC LIGHTING PLANTS

Self Starting—Self Regulating—Self Stopping

For COUNTRY HOUSES and ESTATES

IT is now unnecessary for the owners of country houses or isolated buildings to have the trouble of their own electric light installations.

We will install in your own house an automatic electric light plant which actually works itself, and requires no attention whatever beyond the occasional lubrication and providing of fuel for the engine. An unskilled servant can do the necessary work, without any knowledge of electricity or mechanics whatever.

The batteries provide a constant supply of current. When you have used a certain amount of current, this new engine automatically starts working to recharge the batteries. When they are fully charged the engine stops, starting again only when the pressure in the batteries drops below a certain point.

A steady light is maintained whilst the engine is running.

ADVICE AND ESTIMATES FREE.

Those who would like to install electricity in their houses without the cost and trouble of providing and maintaining their own plant, should write for particulars of our new system, by which we supply a complete electric light plant, and maintain same in working order, charging by meter for the amount of electricity consumed. The fullest particulars of this special scheme can be had on application to

EDMUNDSON'S ELECTRICITY CORPORATION LTD.

BROAD SANCTUARY CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, LONDON.

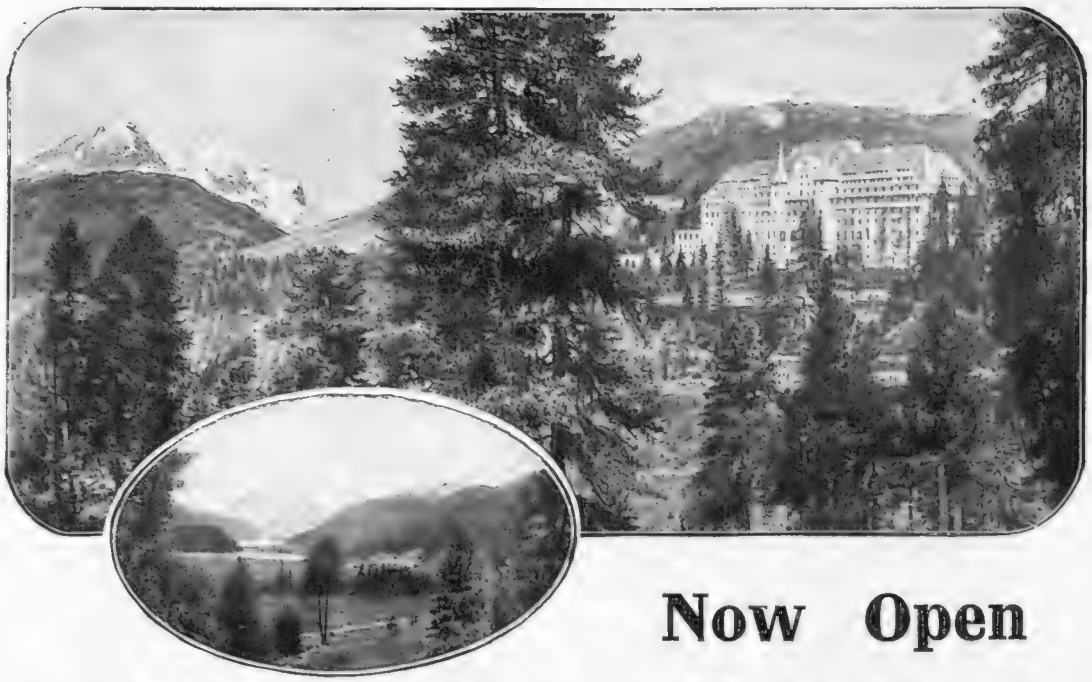
Telegrams: "EDMUNDSONS, LONDON." Telephones: 2311 VICTORIA (3 lines).

and to

32, YORK ST., ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN, DUBLIN.

Tels.: "CIRCUIT, DUBLIN." Tele.: 2277 DUBLIN.

NEW HOTEL DE LUXE in the ENGADINE



Now Open

SUVRETTA HOUSE

6,200 Feet above Sea Level. ST. MORITZ

¶ Standing in its own Private Grounds on the Southern slope of the grand snow-capped mountains of the Upper Engadine. Nestling amidst woods of fragrant pine and larch. Completely sheltered from inhospitable winds, and enjoying the inestimable advantage of glorious sunshine from early morn until late in the afternoon.

¶ The Panoramic View from Suvretta House, overlooking the beautiful Engadine Valley, is unsurpassed in the district of St. Moritz.

Winter Sport **Private Ice-Rinks, Toboggan Runs, Ski-Slopes, Tennis and Croquet Lawns.**

¶ Excellent GOLF LINKS in close proximity to the Hotel.

¶ Suvretta House has been designed throughout with special view to perfect home and hygienic comfort.

200 Rooms. 120 Private Bath Rooms. Orchestra.

London Bureau :—
108, Strand, W.C.,
where plans of the Hotel may be seen and all particulars obtained.

Manager :—A. BON, of the Hotel Vitznauer Hof, the Park Hotel, Vitznau, and the First Rigi Hotel.

SPORTS and PASTIMES

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE 'VARSITY CROSS-COUNTRY RACE: THE ORDEAL OF THE CAMERA BEFORE THE START

This annual race was run as usual at Roehampton, and was won by Oxford by 21 points to 34. G. M. Sproule, the Oxford captain (an Australian), was first man home, and another Oxonian, D. M. Gaussen, was second. A. C. Telfer, a Cambridge freshman, was third

Left to right: A. C. Telfer, F. B. Johnston, E. N. Bock, H. W. C. Lloyd, and J. K. Bousfield (Cambridge). T. G. Pocock, W. C. Moore, G. M. Sproule, D. M. Gaussen, and L. D. Baker (Oxford)

Photograph L.N.A.

THE FIRST STAGE OF THE RACE

From the start Oxford went ahead in a body. W. C. Moore is seen making the pace, with G. M. Sproule, the ultimate winner, just behind him

RUGBY FOOTBALL

A Shrewd Prophet

Just after the South Africans' tour had started a very famous old International three-quarter said to me, "If you want a mild flutter, put a sovereign on the Springboks every time they play an International match, and I'll lay you 5 to 4 you make money." He had not seen them play, but he knew that they possessed those two great football assets, pace and weight. He also relied upon the fact—based on his own experience—that a touring team exists (for the time being) for the sole purpose of playing football; that its members are continually practising and playing together; and therefore that they are almost certain to improve, both individually and collectively as a team, as time goes on. Had I been a wise man I should have taken my friend's advice and declined his bet, but as this seemed a trifle mean I took neither, and now I am rather wishing I had taken both, for a man who is prepared to back his advice to the tune of 5 to 4 on deserves encouragement. He might, as things have turned out, have laid 5 to 4 that the Springboks would win all their Internationals, for they have now won three out of the four, and for the remaining one, against England, the bet looks — well — decidedly healthy.

SOUTH AFRICA v. WALES: THE KICK THAT WON THE MATCH

In their third International Rugby match the Springboks beat Wales by a penalty goal, kicked (as shown above) by Douglas Morkel, to nothing

ATHLETICS

The 'Varsity Cross-Country Race

Cross-country running has gained so much in popularity at the 'Varsities of late years that the suggestion of "Veteran" in the *Sportsman* of Wednesday last, that the numbers of the teams competing in the 'Varsity cross-country race might well be increased, merits careful attention. The limitation of the teams to five a side is explained by the fact that at one time it was difficult to find five runners at either University who could "get the course." But nowadays competition for the five places is quite keen, and it would certainly do no harm to give a few more men the chance of showing what they can do at Roehampton. H. S. S.

GOLF

Still They Come

Whatever else may be said about the year 1912, no historian of its doings will be able to bring against it the accusation of literary barrenness so far as

golf is concerned. We have been positively deluged with books about the game, ranging from the great classic work of Messrs. Hilton and Garden Smith, and Vardon's "Last Word," down to the latest work, "The New Book of Golf," which is edited by Horace G. Hutchinson, and published by Longmans, Green and Co. There have been besides a goodly number of smaller treatises specially devoted to the uses of the long handicap division.

MIDDLESEX v. ESSEX: A GOAL TO MIDDLESEX

In this county match at Highgate last week, the Middlesex and Essex ladies proved very evenly matched, and the result was a draw of 2 goals all

If my readers are only half as tired as I am of reading over and over again the A.B.C. of playing principles, however attractively and diversely re-stated, I fear it bodes but ill for the sale of all these multifarious works. Seriously, I think the business of instruction on paper has been somewhat overdone, and that a halt might well be called. Let us have a *moratorium* or armistice, or whatever may be the right term to apply, during which the teaching of the game may be left to its proper sphere, the links, the only place where the game can really be learnt. However, if any good can be got from a book, then that book is "The New Book of Golf." The team of writers under Mr. Hutchinson's command is a brilliant one, consisting, as it does, of Messrs. Croome and Darwin, James Sherlock, Captain Hutchison, and Mrs. Ross, better known to golfers under her maiden name of Miss May Hezlet.

Sherlock Scores

Personally, were I to give the book to a student of golf to assist his early labours in the game, I should tell him to concentrate his attention on the section provided by Sherlock. Here he will find, in simple and clear language, a plain and straightforward statement of the principles of the game entirely devoid of frills and complexities, an ideal exposition of how to play in an easy and comfortable fashion. Sherlock, to my mind, gets himself and his methods on to paper more clearly and convincingly than anyone I have yet read. It is amusing to note that, in spite of the editor's claim that, through Mr. Darwin's MS. having been submitted to the other writers, the "book has acquired a unity which has not belonged to other golf books composed by a team of writers," both Sherlock and Mrs. Ross most emphatically contradict Mr. Darwin on important points on which the latter has laid great stress. Sherlock says in regard to the running-up shot that "Mr. Darwin appears to entertain quite wrong opinions about this wrist action . . . all the talk about turning over the right wrist to make the ball run uphill is to me nothing but sheer nonsense." Similarly, Mrs. Ross says, "I flatly disagree with Mr. Darwin in his statement . . . that the ball cannot be pitched on to a plateau green and made to stay there." When doctors thus disagree what is the poor learner to do? The book is distinctly worth purchasing if only on account of the luminous section by Sherlock.

GOLF WITHOUT A GOLF COURSE

This apparatus is designed with the object of enabling golfers to practise the various strokes at their own homes, for it can be used without risk of doing damage in a garden or a fair-sized room. Our illustration shows Edward Ray, the Open Champion, testing its utility outside the club-house of the Oxhey Club

A Comedy of Errors

"Golf and How to Play It," by "The General" (Messrs. A. W. Gamage), is, on the other hand, a distinctly bad book, and should be withdrawn from circulation on account of the gross errors it contains. I leave out of consideration the printing of Mr. Laidlay's name on p. 13 as "Laidlaw," and confine myself to the following statements. Page 33, speaking of the "Brassey": "The brass upon the sole of these clubs is intended to slide over the ground in hitting the ball." Page 49: "The St. Andrews Golf Club, so often referred to, dates back to 1843." "The Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews, was founded in 1754, and *was originally called the King William IV.*" The italics are mine. "Muirfield, Sandwich, Gullane, North Berwick, Hoylake, Prestwick, Westward Ho! etc., have similar records in age." I have no particular quarrel with "The General's" methods of instruction, but his history is decidedly "dark and peculiar." I am sure such an eminent firm as Messrs. Gamage cannot desire to leave in circulation a book disfigured by such glaring mistakes, and that they will call it in and correct it.

ERNEST LEHMANN

INDOOR GOLF

IDEAL XMAS PRESENT.

"PUTTAGOFF"

Nearest possible approach to real Golf.
You can play a **perfect game** of Golf (minus the long drive) in your Drawing Room, or on your lawn, without doing the slightest damage; no holes required.

PROFESSIONALS say: "Exactly what happens on the green."

LADIES say: "Most fascinating; quite a revelation."

PLAYED on the CARPET in any room *without moving the furniture.*

"**PUTTAGOFF**" can be played anywhere, any time, by anybody.

"**PUTTAGOFF**" is invaluable to **ALL** golfers to practise their putting.

LEARN to PLAY GOLF at HOME.

Fascinating, Instructive, Amusing to All.

Further particulars on application.

Obtained from leading Sports Dealers, or carriage paid direct, **10/6,** with full instructions.

Dept. S, "PUTTAGOFF" MFG. CO.,
58F, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

AGENTS WANTED.

Lighting by Air-Gas Made Positively Perfect

In **"National"** plants the old imperfections of "Air-Gas" installations have been overcome.

"National" gas is cheap, clean, non-explosive, unvarying in power—equally efficient despite any climatic changes.

"National" plants are British made, easily installed, cheaply maintained. Need no skilled attention whatsoever.

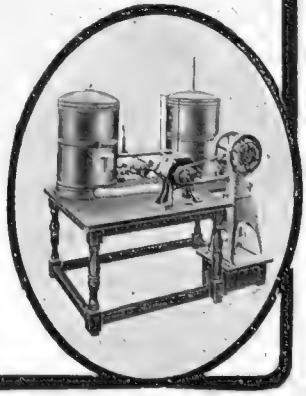
Ideal for heating and cooking.

Permit us to send you our clients' "Opinions."

Special Notice:—We are able to supply petrol to users of "National" plants at an *enormous* saving.

Particulars on request.

The International Air-Gas Corporation, Ltd., 26, Victoria Street, London, S.W.



URBITOR BURBERRY

Every Genuine Burberry garment is labelled "Burberrys."

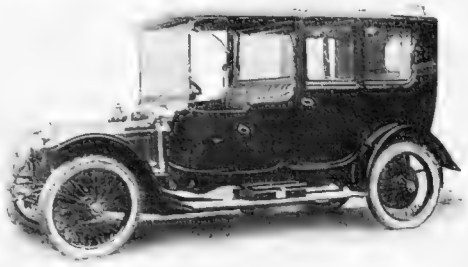
Illustrated Catalogue and Patterns of Burberry Materials Post Free.

THE URBITOR, made in distinctive materials, woven and proofed by Burberrys, invariably fits the time and occasion of its being worn. Rain-resistance is most efficient, yet at the same time it is perfectly self-ventilating.

THE URBITOR is lightweight, yet luxuriously warm. The design is convenient, comfortable, smart and distinguished.

THE URBITOR, by its versatility and general appropriateness, has established its title as one of the most estimable boons of civilian life, and if a man restrict himself to a single overcoat, he would be wise to choose THE URBITOR.

BURBERRYS Haymarket, LONDON;
8 & 10, Bd. Malesherbes, PARIS; and Provincial Agents.



Reputation

In construction and design, in workmanship and finish, in reliability and riding ease, the Panhard has always set the fashion to the motoring world.

A trial run in the

25 h.p. Silent Knight

PANHARD

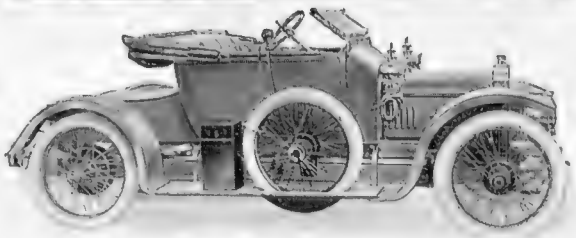
will prove to you how fully this world-wide reputation is deserved.

Price of Chassis with Tyres, £590

W. & G. DU CROS, Ltd.,

Offices and Works: Acton Vale, London, W.
Showrooms: 14, Regent St., London, S.W.

Telephone: Hammersmith 800 (10 lines). Telegrams: "Voiturante, London."



"A Leader Amongst the Leaders."
—*The Motor.*

STRAKER-SQUIRE

DERBY,
Dec. 4, 1912.

I would not part with my Straker-Squire for any money. It is the finest little car in the world, and we are not afraid of it meeting any car here.

(*Signed*) G. DOULD.

15 H.P. ONE MODEL ONLY. SUITABLE FOR ALL TYPES OF BODY.

S. STRAKER & SQUIRE, Ltd., 75-77, Shaftesbury Av. LONDON, W.

EARLY MOTOR-CAR TYPES

No. 2.—The Bremer Car.

Strictly speaking, the year 1893 yields no English motoring history, the Bremer car not being seen on the road until 1894, but the car actually dates from 1892, when Mr. Fred Bremer, of Walthamstow, commenced its construction. This, the second of our series of early motor-car types, somewhat suggests the modern cycle-car, as it largely follows cycle construction. The wheels are ordinary cycle wheels, and the final transmission is by means of chains. The attainable maximum speed was 20 miles an hour; what the average was may easily be estimated by anyone with driving experience. The resemblance of the Bremer to the modern cycle-car—of which we have recently seen excellent examples at Olympia—ends with the points of comparison mentioned above. The remarkable evolution that has taken place from these cumbrous machines, through the heavy car and back to a vastly improved early type, has been accompanied throughout by the Dunlop tyre. In these days of many tyres this is a point worth remembering. Experience is not a thing that can be bought. Dunlop experience was obtained in the hardest school possible, with the result that the present-day Dunlop motor tyre is as near perfection as it is possible for a tyre to be.

DUNLOP TYRES

FIRST IN 1888:
FOREMOST EVER SINCE.

Photograph *Topical*

TO MINIMISE THE LEVEL CROSSING DANGER

The many fatalities in America due to level crossings induced the authorities recently to offer a reward for the best suggestion for a sign warning motorists of the proximity of a railroad. The idea adopted is illustrated in the above photograph, and might, with advantage, be used in this country, though here, where level crossings are generally under the charge of a keeper, it is not such a crying necessity as it is in the United States, where, in the open country, a traveller may come across a railroad quite unawares

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Paris Salon

If President Fallières, with his attendant dignitaries, made anything like an inspection of the exhibits of the French Automobile Salon he will not be very anxious to repeat the performance again until next year. There were 565 stands altogether, and there would have been about 800 if the limitations of the Grand Palais had not ruled out over 200 applicants who clamoured for space, but found it not. Which very clearly indicates that the Paris Salon is not yet the back number it is made out to be in sundry quarters.

Changing Views

As a matter of fact, France and the French industry would seem to have regained anything lost through the dropping of the Salon last year. The manufacturers rather imagined themselves strong enough to do without the Salon's advertisement, and, as many vastly more important people have done before, they imagined a vain thing. I fancy, also, they thought to find Great Britain taking the hint and dispensing with the work and worry of Olympia—work and worry which I have yet to hear on authority are to-day worth while from an exhibitor's point of view. In that case they made the fatal mistake of supposing Great Britain still to be in French leading strings.

French Craftsmen and Acumen

That apart, the Paris Show crystallised the engineering ideas of a nation of artist craftsmen not less virile and prolific in the department of automobilism because other nations have approximated to, and in some of the details of refinement bettered, the French standard. It crystallised also a notable degree of commercial acumen inasmuch as its organisers appreciated the importance of investing the show with a really international character. I do not know whether special facilities were offered to foreign manufacturers, but the fact is that the British and American exhibits particularly were larger in this last Salon than in any one that preceded it. The general impression at once conveyed was that when the British hopefuls joyously announced that Olympia had definitely and decidedly established itself as the market of the world and could not possibly be moved from its proud position, they were merely expressing the wish which was father to the thought, and by no manner of means the fact.

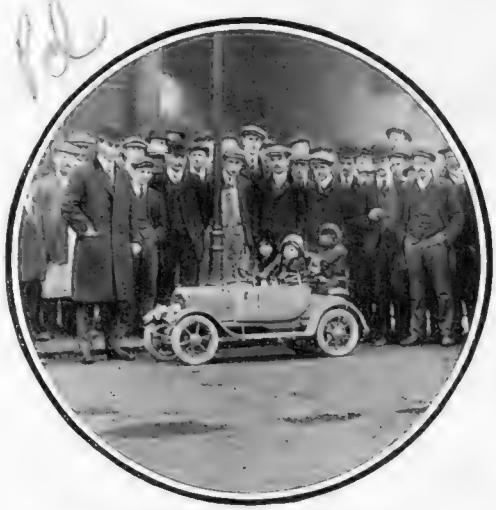
MOTORING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

Hard going on the road between Kelowna and Lake Ideal, U.S.A. The bad condition of the track is due to a forest fire having devastated the prairie for miles around. The car seen in the photograph is a 40 h.-p. Hudson

If you are thinking of buying a new or second-hand Car of any description, consult Mr. Stuart Tolkien, 12, Pall Mall, S.W., who has several high-class Cars for sale, at prices ranging from £200 upwards. Telephone No.: Mayfair 553.

The Need for Caution

The fact is that, although we have made undeniably manifest the vast advance of the British industry, and can properly claim to be no nation's inferior in the quality and strength of our conceptions and realisations; although, indeed, in the realm of coach-work and the production of vehicles conforming to our own national requirements and the conditions of the road, we have taken the lead, France is still at least our equal in the general character of its automobile output. To regard that output as less than it is because we happen to have made ourselves dominant in our own country is asking for trouble. There is nothing at all to be gained by under-estimating the strength of our competitors. While we are importing approximately seven million pounds worth of foreign cars and parts and exporting no more than half that volume, we have a strong incentive to maintain an attitude of respect for the handiwork of France and the student's cast of thought through which alone further profit can come.



A MINIATURE MOTOR-CAR

Mr. F. S. Bennett's Model Cadillac, two-fifths the size of an ordinary car. The model is built to carry two children, and can develop a speed of 16 miles an hour, an interesting and ingenious experiment successfully carried out

The English Invasion

There is no need for any detailed reference to the Salon exhibits, for the reason that we have already seen practically all of them at Olympia, and those we did not contain little of novelty. The most gratifying feature is in the manner British motor manufacturers are going out into direct competition for a share of the French market. The tax upon imported cars is something of an initial handicap, but that has not militated very seriously against the success which has come to those British cars which are established either through their own depôts or through the medium of the concessionnaire. While we have cars of such excellence as, for example, the Austin, the Daimler, the Sunbeam, the Argyll, the Humber, and the Rolls-Royce to invite a cheek-by-jowl comparison with the best the French can do, we are laying up much treasure on earth for the British industry.

EXCELSIOR, "The Car of the Moment." 14-20 h.-p., 4-cylinder, complete with 5-seated Torpedo body, scuttle dash; 5 detachable wire wheels, hood, screen, headlamps, etc., £375. —H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 16, Pall Mall, S.W.

Special London Retailers for Rolls-Royce and Minerva cars. Write us your requirements, also for particulars of the new, light Foy Steele cars — a revelation in value. — Jarrott, Limited, 35, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W.

RACING: A Derby "Dark Horse." By CARBINE

Will the Favourite Be Beaten?

I was talking to a famous trainer the other day on the subject of the coming Derby. It so happens that he does not have a likely candidate of his own for the race, and, therefore, the opinions he expressed could not be held to have any suspicion of prejudice. It was rather surprising to hear him declare that the Derby would not be won by any of the supposed cracks. I pointed out that Craganour must surely have a wonderful chance on the strength of his brilliant two-year-old performances. He granted that the style in which Mr. Ismay's colt had won most of his races last season was unimpeachable, but he expressed a doubt as to whether Craganour would make a stayer. With regard to Shogun, he seemed to entertain a suspicion as to the soundness of that colt. My trainer-friend would not have Louvois as a likely Derby winner, pointing out that that colt is too slack in the middle piece. Rock Flint he did not regard as being quite of the same class as the others. If, then, the Derby winner is not to come from this quartette, where shall we find him? The trainer whom I have quoted appeared to think that it would be a year in which something that had not distinguished himself as a two-year-old would come out to surprise us.

Lord Derby's Outsider

It would be hard to spot such an animal at the present time, but this much I will say, that if Harry of Hereford proves to be as good as he looks, he will be not far from being the best of his age. Perhaps I should explain that Harry of Hereford is a brother of Swynford, who has not yet appeared on the racecourse. The last time I saw him was in the spring in his box at Stanley House. I was then immensely impressed by the great promise shown by this well-bred colt. He has fine size, reach, and scope, though I do not think he will be such a big horse as his famous brother. Unfortunately, Harry of Hereford fell slightly lame early in the summer, and the Hon. George Lambton decided in those circumstances that it would be useless to attempt to train him for any of his two-year-old engagements. I am quite sure that the Earl of Derby and his trainer think very highly of this colt, and I notice that they have entered him as well as Stedfast for the Champion Stakes to be run at Newmarket next autumn, a certain indication that they expect Harry of Hereford to come out in good form when he starts serious work. Here, then, you have a dark horse for the Derby. To look at, he is a classic animal, and when he comes to tackle Craganour he will at least have the advantage of superior size and scope.

Some Selections

In regard to Christmas week racing, I may suggest that at Kempton Park **Pollen** will win the Richmond Hurdle Race, **Ballyhist** the Maiden Steeplechase, and **Short Grass** the Twickenham Hurdle Race. At Hooton Park **Sore Toes** looks a good thing for the Open Hurdle Race.

IDEAL LIGHTING

WRITE NOW FOR PARTICULARS OF OUR

PETROL GAS LIGHTING.

The Generators can be driven by Weight, or Water from house supply.

The system is absolutely safe, especially economical, the light is perfect.

One of the few perfect gas machines giving an absolutely reliable light winter and summer alike. The machine is simple and automatic, and has been installed in hundreds of houses for years past. Cooking Stoves, Bath Heaters, Gas Fires, and all other gas conveniences.

Our staff carries out the entire work without delay, inconvenience, or injury to decorations.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET. SURVEY AND ESTIMATES FREE.

SPENSERS LTD.,

53b, South Molton Street, London, W.,
119b, George St., Edinburgh. Works: Stratford-on-Avon.

Complete Generating Plants also supplied for Export.
Special quotations submitted on receipt of plans.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

BARLEY, WHEAT, and MILK in Powder Form.

THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK FOR ALL AGES.

Delicious, nourishing, and refreshing.

The wholesome nutrition of pure rich milk and choice malted grain, supplying strength and vigour, with little tax on digestion.

Requires no cooking.

Used instead of tea, coffee, or cocoa at meals, develops healthy bodies and clear brains. Equally useful to the vigorous and the weak, the business or professional man, the youth, the maid, the mother, the child, or the infant.

An efficient corrective of insomnia taken hot before retiring.

In Glass Bottles, **1/6, 2/6, 11/-**, of all Chemists and Stores.
Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK COMPANY,
SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

WONDERFUL VALUE

Beautiful Boots for Ladies' Wear.

A NEW masterpiece of Boot Fashioning—a shape which realises every perfect point in style and fit. The soft colt golosh is ideal for present wear, and a choice of Black, Fawn, and Grey Mohair uppers is always available. Different fittings and half size assure a correct fit for every normal foot. Model A1231, price **28/-** per pair. Other qualities in stock.

You may rely on being entirely satisfied with every purchase. We undertake to please you or refund your money and postage. Mention "The Bystander," & write for free illustrated catalogue.

THE LONDON SHOE CO LTD
123-125 QUEEN VICTORIA ST E C
21-22 SLOANE ST S W
86-87 NEW BOND ST W

Insist on

FREEZOMINT

CUSENIER —

and secure the original genuine

CREME de MENTHE

distilled in and imported direct from France

All is food in Benger's Food.

When you prepare Benger's Food with fresh new milk, it forms a dainty and delicious cream. In this, all the rich nutritive elements in both the milk and the Food itself, are soluble—ready for bodily nutrition.

Consequently, Benger's is assimilated with ease, and is most enjoyable when other foods cause pain and distress.

Benger's Food is a power for good because its unique self-digestive process may be exactly regulated by any intelligent man or woman. It is advanced to any desired stage by letting the Food stand for say 10, 15, or 20 minutes, and is stopped at any stage by simply boiling up. (For the interesting directions see tin.)

Benger's Food for Infants, Invalids, and the Aged

is quite distinct from any other food, and is obtainable throughout the world, of Chemists, &c.

Full particulars from Sole Manufacturers—

BENGER'S FOOD LTD., Otter Works, Manchester, England.

Branch Offices and Agencies:—

SYDNEY (N.S.W.). MONTREAL (Canada). NEW YORK (U.S.A.)

B133

BENGER'S Food

Benger's Food

CALOX

THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

Use it Night and Morning

Sound, white teeth are surely a rich enough return for using Calox Tooth Powder twice a day.

The Oxygen which Calox liberates puts an end to that decomposition of food particles upon which harmful bacteria thrive. The gums are invigorated, the teeth whitened, and the breath purified in the pleasantest way.

TEST CALOX FREE

A personal test of Calox will make you a regular user more surely than all else. Sample and book free. Calox sells ordinarily in non-wasting boxes at 1/1½. The Calox Tooth Brush sells 1/- everywhere.

G. B. Kent & Sons, Ltd., 75 Farringdon Rd. London.

EVERCLEAN "LINON" COLLARS

For Gentlemen, Ladies, and Boys

LATEST INVENTION.

The Everclean "Linon" Collar can be wiped white as new with a damp cloth; stain proof, ink proof. No rubber. Will last for months. **Great comfort. Saving of laundry bills.** *2 Sample Collars*, 2/6. *6 Sample Collars*, 6/- (*all shapes and sizes*). *Cuffs*, 1/6 *pair.*

☞ Free—Gold Cased Links, and set of Collar, Front, and Pair of Cuffs for 5/-

THE BELL PATENT SUPPLY Co., Ltd., 147, Holborn Bars, LONDON, E.C.

(Two doors from Gray's Inn Road.)

One of the Choicest Wines of France.

Ackerman-Laurance "Dry-Royal"

"The Best Value in Sparkling Wine"

Trial Bottle. **6d.**

SEEGER'S SEEGEROL

FOR GREY HAIR.

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 7d., large case 2/2 post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere or direct. HINDES LTD., Finsbury, London.

Hinde's

Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Over 33 years ago the the late Lord Beaconsfield testified to the Benefits he received from HIMROD'S CURE, and every post brings us similar letters to-day. Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post. Sold in tins, 4s. 3d. British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct London. Also of Newbery & Sons; Barclay & Sons; J. Sanger & Son; W. Edwards & Son; May, Roberts & Co.; Butler & Crisper; John Thompson, Liverpool; and all Wholesale Houses.

Faulkner & Son

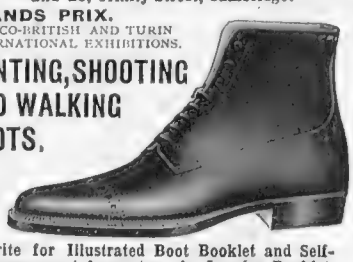
BOOTMAKERS · ESTABLISHED · 1871

52, South Molton Street, Bond Street, London, W., and 26, Trinity Street, Cambridge.

GRANDS PRIX.

FRANCO-BRITISH AND TURIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

HUNTING, SHOOTING AND WALKING BOOTS.



Write for Illustrated Boot Booklet and Self-measurement Apparatus, also Legging Booklet.

MARICH Cigarettes

SMOKED BY ROYALTY.

A solid leather cigarette case containing a sample of these Cigarettes will be sent to anyone enclosing a P.O. (or stamps) for 1/6 and mentioning paper.

Their Exquisite qualities satisfy the most critical Tastes.

Supplied to many of the leading Naval and Military Messes, Clubs, &c.

100 post free, 7/-

V. MARICH & CO. (MALTA). Dept. B, Billiter Buildings, LONDON, E.C.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 473.—Vol. XXXVI. Wednesday, December 25, 1912 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: ESTATE AGENTS — HAMPTON & SONS — AUCTIONEERS — 37 GERRARD. VALUERS

A FAITHFUL REPRODUCTION OF A TUDOR HOUSE.

ASHDOWN FOREST AND E. GRINSTEAD.—For SALE. Freehold, this modern COUNTRY RESIDENCE, having all

THE CONVENIENCES OF A TOWN HOUSE,

including electric light, hot-air heating, main drainage, Company's water, telephone. Situated on a Southern slope, with glorious views. The appointments are of a lavish description, and there is considerable oak work and panelling. Lounge hall, gallery, staircase, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; delightful grounds, paved terraces, lawns, kitchen garden and grass of

10 ACRES.

—Strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

EXQUISITE AND UNOBSTRUCTED VIEWS.

400ft. above sea. Near Ashdown Forest Golf Links.

SUSSEX (Hartfield; in a county famed for its rural beauty).—This pretty and artistic little Freehold RESIDENCE, approached by

LONG CARRIAGE DRIVE.

Containing hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), usual offices. Shady gardens and meadow-land of about

5 ACRES.

STABLE AND COACH-HOUSE. MOTOR-SHED.

PRIVATE WATER SUPPLY.

To be SOLD, or would be LET, Furnished.—For full particulars, apply HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ONLY 3 MILES FROM MARBLE ARCH.

PRICE, £2,150.

PERFECT, medium-sized, double-fronted, detached RESIDENCE, standing in

WELL-MATURED GARDEN.

Every modern convenience and exceptionally well planned; 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, and offices.—For price and full particulars, apply to HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

500ft. UP, WITH FULL SOUTHERN ASPECT.

An ideal Small Estate amidst glorious surroundings.

DORKING AND LEITH HILL DISTRICT.—For SALE, one of the most perfect modern RESIDENCES extant, occupying a really superb position on a hill, with

PANORAMIC VIEWS OF SURPASSING CHARM.

It is in irreproachable order throughout, with luxurious appointments, has all possible conveniences, including electric light. Lounge hall, 3 excellent reception and full-sized billiard rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 3 baths. First-rate stabling, garage, model farmery, fitted laundry, 3 cottages.

DELIGHTFUL LANDSCAPE GARDENS,

finely timbered, spreading lawns, tennis courts, rose and Italian gardens, kitchen garden, glass, and paddocks, in all 20 acres.

NEAR VILLAGE, STATION, AND GOLF.

AN ABSOLUTE BARGAIN PRICE WILL BE ACCEPTED.

—Inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 5, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."
TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Also New York, Winnipeg, Sydney, Victoria (B.C.) and Buenos Ayres.

HUNTING WITH THE HEYTHROP, BICESTER, AND WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS.
TO BE SOLD.

THIS WELL-APPOINTED RESIDENCE, built of stone, in the Elizabethan style of architecture, occupies a delightful position, over 600ft. above the sea, facing South. The accommodation includes: 4 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.

HEATED BY HOT WATER. MODERN DRAINAGE.
STABLING FOR 7, HEATED GARAGE, AND USEFUL OUTBUILDINGS. COTTAGE.

The beautiful old gardens contain some fine trees. There are tennis and croquet lawns, archery ground, rose garden, shady walks, large walled kitchen garden and meadow-land, in all about

20 ACRES.

—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

BY INSTRUCTIONS FROM H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.
"THE VILLA NEVADA," CANNES.
TO BE LET FOR THE SEASON.

IT OCCUPIES A BEAUTIFUL POSITION, with lovely views over the Esterel Mountains. The accommodation includes: 2 salons, dining room, 6 best bedrooms, 4 servants' bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light is installed; heated by hot-water coils; certified drainage.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

SUSSEX.
ADJOINING THE SOUTH DOWNS, BETWEEN LEWES AND THE COAST.
TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, OR SOLD.

THIS PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED MANOR HOUSE, covered with flowering and other creepers, occupies a cheerful and entirely secluded position overlooking the South Downs. The accommodation includes: lounge hall, 3 large reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; good stabling, 4 cottages.

BEAUTIFUL OLD GARDENS OF 8 ACRES.

Full-sized tennis court, old ornamental lawns, walled kitchen garden and 2 paddocks. The whole Property is in excellent order.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (3,727)

25 MINUTES BY RAIL FROM LONDON.

SURREY (1 mile from two stations and situated in a unique position almost adjoining the Downs).—TO BE SOLD.

This exceptionally attractive RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, extending to 2½ acres. The House stands well away from the road and commands delightful views; it is substantially built and is approached by a carriage-drive with picturesque lodge at entrance. There are entrance hall, large drawing room, dining room panelled in oak, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, boxroom, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND GAS THROUGHOUT.
COMPANY'S WATER. MAIN DRAINAGE.

The stabling, well removed from the house, is substantially built, and comprises 3 stalls, 2 loose boxes, coach-house, and men's rooms. The pleasure gardens are tastefully laid out and include 2 lawns, tennis and croquet lawns, rose garden, kitchen garden, fruit garden, vinery, etc. Within a short distance of 2 golf links.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., London, W. (6,687)

IN A PRETTY PART OF KENT.
About 30 miles from London; ½ mile from station, church, and village.

TO BE SOLD, OR LET ON LEASE, the above very well-designed RESIDENCE, standing 300ft. above sea level, well away from the main road, and containing: lounge hall, dining and drawing rooms, billiard room, 8 bedrooms, large attic which could be converted into servants' bedrooms, bathroom.

COMPANY'S WATER. GAS COULD BE CONNECTED.
THERE IS A GATE LODGE, AND STABLING.

The gardens are exceptionally well laid out, and include rose garden, vegetable garden, small orchard, tennis lawn, and pasture-land. The Property could be had with 7 or 17 acres.—For further particulars and photographs, apply to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (5,751)

CENTRE OF THE PYTCHLEY COUNTRY.
UNDER 2 HOURS FROM LONDON.

NORTHANTS (just over a mile from a station, near post office, church, etc.).—To be LET, Unfurnished, on Lease, this capital HUNTING-BOX, containing: dining room, drawing room, inner hall, study, servants' hall, etc., 6 principal bedrooms, 8 servants' ditto, bathroom, etc.; Company's water, main drainage; modern stabling of 12 loose boxes, motor or coach-house, 2 saddle rooms, etc.; inexpensive gardens and grounds of 3 ACRES. There is also a smaller Residence containing: 3 reception rooms and 6 bedrooms; cottage for coachman.—Fuller particulars and photos of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (6,571)

TELEPHONE NOS: Mayfair 2777 and Gerrard 6852. Yeovil 43.

WILSON & GRAY

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESSES: "Wilsogra, London." "Wilsogra, Yeovil."

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND PRINCIPAL AGENCY FOR
TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN, AND OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES of interest for SALE or for LETTING. Furnished or Unfurnished. Owners and Applicants *can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.*

RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience,* gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

WILTS, DORSET, SOMERSET, HANTS, CORNWALL, DEVON.
WILSON & GRAY, OF LONDON AND YEOVIL, are Agents for the more important Properties now available in the above Counties. Lists will be sent gratis on receipt of requirements.

BEAUTIFUL OLD SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE

with

50 OR 250 ACRES.

FOR SALE, AT A LOW PRICE.—Hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

SUPERB OLD OAK BEAMS AND PANELLING.

300 yds. carriage-drive, with lodge.

DELIGHTFUL OLD GARDENS.

—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

GENUINE OLD ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE.

SUSSEX.—Just over an hour from London.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED.

Outer and inner halls, 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, bathroom.

RICHLY CARVED OAK PANELLING AND OAK BEAMS.

Electric light. Heating by radiators. Main water. Stabling for 4; garage; cottage.

BEAUTIFUL OLD GARDENS

of about 5 acres.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—In a choice position, standing 300ft. above sea level, with beautiful views.

FOR SALE, AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE OF 225 ACRES.

Beautiful modern house, approached by carriage drive with lodge: 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, billiard room; Company's water; acetylene gas; telephone; stabling, garage; cottages, farm-buildings.

SINGULARLY CHARMING GARDENS.

—WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

HISTORIC FREEHOLD SURREY ESTATE.

800 ACRES (INCLUDING SEVERAL GOOD COVERTS).

BEAUTIFUL EARLY SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MANOR HOUSE WITH LOVELY OLD-WORLD TOPIARY AND OTHER GARDENS.

10 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, grand old staircase, 4 magnificent reception rooms with oak panelling;
stabling, lodges, 2 farmhouses, several cottages.

NO TITHE OR LAND TAX.

LORDSHIP OF MANOR AND ADVOWSON INCLUDED.

RENT ROLL, £1,000 PER ANNUM.

NEAR GOLF COURSE AND STATION.

UNDER AN HOUR'S RAIL FROM LONDON. MODERATE PRICE.

—Inspected and very highly recommended by Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

SURREY.—In the beautiful neighbourhood of Witley and Godalming; glorious views: perfect scenery.

A BARGAIN PRICE will be accepted for the above BEAUTIFUL OLD RED BRICK HOUSE AND CHARMING GROUNDS OF 4 ACRES.

Grand galleried hall, 30 by 20, with massive oak beams and rafters exposed to view; 3 reception and billiard rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 3.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

OXFORDSHIRE (easy reach of Oxford).

FOR SALE.

A GENUINE AND UNSPOILT TUDOR HOUSE,

with all characteristic features intact.

SUPERB OLD OAK PANELLING.

MASSIVE OAK BEAMS.

Large oak-panelled lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 or 9 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, garage, cottage.

BEAUTIFUL OLD GARDENS AND SMALL PARK.

—Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

BY ORDER OF EXECUTORS.

LOW PRICE.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY TO ANYONE PREPARED TO COMPLETE RESTORATION.

SUSSEX.

Between Horsham and Three Bridges.

A GENUINE OLD-WORLD HOUSE

400 YEARS OLD.

Superb oak timberings, herring-bone brickwork, and stone slab roof. Interior rich in old oak beams and open fireplaces. 5 reception and billiard rooms, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms

GRANDLY TIMBERED PARK OF 50 ACRES.

Ornamental lake and charming woodland glen. —Inspected and highly recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

GENUINE OLD JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE.

3 miles from the Dorset Coast.

A SINGULARLY CHOICE PROPERTY FOR SALE ON EXCEPTIONAL TERMS: 16 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, billiard room.

FINE OLD OAK PANELLING.

Stabling. Garage.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS OF 9 ACRES.

—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, and at Yeovil.

SURREY.—3 miles from a main line station. Absolutely rural position.

FOR SALE.

AN HISTORIC TUDOR HOUSE.

With 16 acres of beautiful old-world grounds. 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, 3 reception and billiard rooms.

SEVERAL ROOMS FINELY PANELLED

Stabling. Garage. 2 cottages.

—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

Telegrams: "Everything, London" **HARRODS (LTD.)** Telephones: { Western 1 (60 lines). Byfleet 149.

ESTATE AGENTS **BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; and Byfleet.** **AUCTIONEERS**

RENT, £110 PER ANNUM.

SURREY, EFFINGHAM COMMON—To be LET, Unfurnished, an exceptionally attractive HOUSE, standing in PRETTY OLD GROUNDS OF 2 ACRES. It contains: lounge hall with old oak beams, drawing room, dining room with old oak beams, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; motor garage and small stable; Company's water laid on. RENT, ONLY £110 PER ANNUM.—Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (13,557)

1½ HOURS' EXPRESS TRAIN FROM LONDON.

ONLY A FEW MILES FROM FASHIONABLE WATERING-PLACE, in a magnificent position, 400ft. above sea level, well sheltered from north and east.—To be SOLD, the above BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE OF TUDOR ORIGIN, approached by a wide carriage drive, with lodge, and surrounded by

LOVELY GROUNDS AND WELL-TIMBERED LAND OF 31 ACRES.

11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, excellent reception room;

FINE OLD OAK XVTH-CENTURY DOORS.

Electric light; stabling, motor-house, small farmery. PRICE, ONLY £6,500.—Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

Rent, only £63 per annum. £100 for Fixtures and Fittings.

40 MINUTES FROM CITY AND WEST END.

THIS OLD FARMHOUSE CAN BE ACQUIRED ON EXCEPTIONAL TERMS.—7 bed and dressing, 3 reception, bath; stabling 3, outbuildings; gardens and grounds of 7 ACRES. Hay crop worth £25 per annum.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.). (14,721)

SHOOTING OVER 1,000 ACRES OR MORE.

HANTS, NEW FOREST.—To be SOLD, or LET, the above delightful COUNTRY RESIDENCE, in the Tudor style, high above the sea, on gravel soil,

COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS,

approached by a long carriage drive, and surrounded on all sides by beautiful forest glades: 3 reception rooms, 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' hall; electric light and every convenience; motor garage and 2 rooms over; stabling.

BEAUTIFULLY WOODED GROUNDS.

Shooting over 1,000 acres or more.—Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

"BAYFIELD," BOOKHAM.

THIS DELIGHTFUL RESIDENCE contains: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc., etc.; lovely gardens; stabling for 5, heated garage, 3 cottages, small farmhouse, and good buildings. The Property, which has long frontages to LITTLE BOOKHAM COMMON, is approached by semi-private road, and is well away from all motor traffic; fast trains London about 45 minutes. The whole extends to nearly 46 ACRES. Sandy soil; gas; main water; station ½ mile. FOR SALE as a whole, or the Residence would be sold with 7½ acres. Price greatly reduced.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the SOLE AGENTS, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

Rent, only £160 per annum.

IN THE PRETTY COUNTRY BETWEEN FARNHAM AND HASLEMERE.

THIS QUAINT MANY-GABLED HOUSE contains: 7 bedrooms, 3 reception, bath, servants' hall; stabling for 5; good yard, useful buildings, 2 cottages; nicely timbered gardens and grounds of 3½ ACRES. HUNTING, FISHING, AND GOLF.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (14,677)

DEVON, CORNWALL, AND WEST OF ENGLAND.

Several Properties required to suit applicants, whose special requirements have been sent exclusively to us.

INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION IS SPECIALLY GIVEN BY A DEVONIAN.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

GLORIOUS DEVONSHIRE COAST. WITH LOVELY PANORAMIC VIEWS OF LAND AND SEA.

NEAR TORQUAY. IDEAL CLIMATE.

Lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, bathroom, 10 bed and dressing rooms. Excellent golf links near. Rough shooting if desired.

LOW RENT.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, for the Winter months or a term of years, the above charming RESIDENCE, occupying a sheltered position on high ground in the midst of beautiful surroundings. The attractive pleasure grounds include full-sized tennis lawn, walled kitchen and flower gardens, etc.; stabling for 3 or 4 horses.—Inspected and recommended by EDWIN FEAR and WALKER, Winchester. (Folio 198 F)

IN THE CENTRE OF THE HAMBLEDON HUNT.

Suite of reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; electric light and telephone, radiators, and Co.'s water; stabling and garage; golf links adjoining. Well furnished in the antique style. Beautiful Jacobean panelling.

HANTS (10 miles from Winchester).—To be LET, Furnished, for 6 or 9 months, the above-depicted, very attractive RESIDENCE (Lutyens built), occupying a charming open situation on high ground, with extensive views, beautiful and well-timbered grounds, including pleasaunce; large prolific garden, orchard, etc.—All particulars from the Owner's Agents, Messrs. EDWIN FEAR and WALKER, who strongly recommend the Property from personal knowledge. (Folio 144 F)

A DELIGHTFUL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF 70 ACRES. WITH A SUBSTANTIAL GEORGIAN MANSION.

HAMPSHIRE (within easy reach of a main line station, from whence London is reached in about 2 hours).

TO BE SOLD, OR LET, UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE.

A fine old HOUSE, perfectly secluded in magnificently timbered old grounds with many specimen trees. The accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms, about 22 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling and outbuildings, lodge and cottages; the grounds are quite the feature, and the variety and beauty of the timber are exceptional; there are fine old lawns, Dutch garden, rose garden, walled kitchen garden with glasshouses, etc., and parkland, in all about 70 acres.—Apply, Box K 3,242, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

½ AN HOUR FROM TOWN. NEAR FAMOUS GOLF LINKS.

BUCKS (3 miles from a main line station).—To be SOLD, a delightful old HOUSE, in faultless order throughout, and standing in finely timbered grounds of about 5 acres. The accommodation comprises: pretty old-fashioned lounge hall, 3 reception rooms and second lounge or billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, etc.; acetylene gas throughout; excellent stabling and garage, coachman's quarters, etc.; the pleasure grounds are ornamented by beautiful specimen trees and shrubs, and include 2 excellent tennis courts, croquet lawn, shrubberies, kitchen garden, etc.—Box K 5,199, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

NEAR THE SUSSEX BORDERS OF KENT.—To be SOLD, FREEHOLD. The RESIDENCE occupies a charming position, 330ft. above sea level, with pretty views. It stands in

WELL-SHADED OLD GROUNDS,

with undulating lawns, flower beds, 2 ornamental ponds, tennis and croquet lawns, etc., and contains the following accommodation: inner hall (17ft. 8in. by 14ft. 10in.), dining room (20ft. 4in. by 20ft.), drawing room (20ft. 2in. by 17ft. 4in), morning room (15ft. by 14ft. 9in.), billiard room (36ft. 9in. by 19ft. 6in.), 6 large principal bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, bathroom, workroom or bedroom, day and night nurseries, 2 servants' bedrooms, and boxroom. The stabling comprises 2 stalls, 2 loose boxes, coach-house and garage, etc.; 3 cottages.—Box K 5,238, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SUSSEX.

In one of the most beautiful parts of the county. 1 hour from London.

FOR SALE, AT A BARGAIN PRICE.—Charming OLD BLACK AND WHITE HOUSE, FULL OF OAK BEAMS and PANELLING.

Standing high, and approached by carriage drive, 350yds. long.

Hall, 4 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; acetylene gas; modern sanitation; stabling, cottage; farmery; beautifully timbered gardens and park, tennis and croquet lawns, flagged walks, rose pergola, kitchen garden, etc., in all about

40 ACRES.

Farm of 190 acres adjoining can be purchased if desired.—Box WG 9, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

IN THE CREAM of the HUNTING.

Cottesmore, Quorn, Pytchley, and Mr. Fernie's.

AN IMPOSING AND SUBSTANTIAL GEORGIAN RESIDENCE: lounge hall, 4 reception, billiard, 11 bedrooms; old-world pleasure grounds; extensive stabling; home farm, and

109 ACRES of rich well-timbered grassland.

BARGAIN, £5,500.

—Box M 24, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

COMMANDING GRAND VIEWS OVER THE SEVERN.

WORCESTERSHIRE (close to an historical old town, 'midst beautiful country).—Picturesque, substantially built RESIDENCE; 13 bed, bath, billiard, 3 handsome reception rooms, and lounge hall. LOVELY GROUNDS and pasture-land 13 ACRES. Stabling for 4, cottage; sandstone soil; excellent water supply, gas, heating; excellent fishing, hunting, golf. PRICE, ONLY £2,900.—Box M 25, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TELEGRAMS: "Mercoral, London."

F. L. MERCER & CO.,

7, SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONE No. 1579 Gerrard.

A PERFECT KENTISH ESTATE, APPEALING TO BUYERS OF REFINED TASTES.

NEAR CANTERBURY.—An IMPOSING and BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN-STYLE MANSION, in perfect order: 2 large lounge halls, 3 handsome reception, full-sized billiard, 2 bath, 15 bedrooms.

NOTORIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS OF 35 ACRES.

Excellent stabling, motor garage, 11 cottages; hot-water radiators, main water, acetylene gas. BARGAIN, £8,000. Actual income from cottages, fruit and land, £174 2s. per annum.

A TYPICAL OLD SUSSEX FARMHOUSE.

ONE HOUR FROM TOWN.—Lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 6 bedrooms; full of oak; perfect order.

BEAUTIFUL OLD GARDENS AND GRASSLANDS 13 ACRES.

Company's water; acetylene gas; shooting, hunting, golf. Price, £2,500.—Photos, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

TIMES' PRICE BARGAIN.

PICTURESQUE NORTH DEVON.—High up, with views to Dartmoor, Exmoor, and Cornish Hills.

HUNTING, SHOOTING, FISHING, GOLF.

PICTURESQUE COUNTRY HOME: lounge hall, 3 magnificent reception, billiard, bath, 12 bed and dressing rooms; stabling; farmery,, pretty pleasure grounds, and pasture-land, in all about 46 ACRES. Hot and cold water, gas, modern drainage. BARGAIN, £2,400.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

NEAR GOOD GOLF LINKS.

SEVENOAKS (near).—The above CHARMING STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE, occupying delightful situation, 300ft. up: 8 bedrooms, bath, 3 good reception rooms.

PICTURESQUE WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS

and paddocks, 8 ACRES. Good stabling, motor garage, cottage; Company's water. Price, Freehold, £4,000.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

PICTURESQUE QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE.

Old oak beams, open fireplaces, Adam's overmantels.

ESSEX AND SUFFOLK BORDERS.—Lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 5 bedrooms.

MAGNIFICENT OLD OAK STAIRCASE.

Exquisite old-world gardens of 3 ACRES. High up; gravel soil. Golf, hunting, shooting. All in perfect order. £700 recently spent. Price, £1,500.

COMMANDING FINEST VIEWS IN SUSSEX.

BETWEEN ROTHERFIELD AND TUNBRIDGE WELLS. — PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE: 4 handsome reception, bath, 9 bedrooms; stabling for 3; carriage drive 80 yds.; entrance lodge; lovely old well-timbered pleasure grounds and pasture-lands over 10 ACRES.

Golf and hunting. Excellent water supply.

EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN, £2,650, or reasonable offer. — Inspected and strongly recommended by F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

NEAR FAMOUS GOLF LINKS.
PERFECT MODERATE-SIZED COUNTRY SEAT. HIGH POSITION.
COMMANDING GRAND VIEWS.

SURREY ('midst lovely country, 40 minutes from Town).—11 bedrooms, 3 bath, full-sized billiard, 4 handsome reception rooms.—BEAUTIFUL WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS 10 ACRES.

Capital stabling, cottage, lodge, farmery; Company's water, gas, telephone; perfect order throughout. Price, £6,000, or offer. Inspected and strongly recommended.

THE BARGAIN OF THE YEAR.

SUFFOLK AND ESSEX BORDERS.—Exceptionally attractive RESIDENTIAL ESTATE. 30 ACRES LOVELY GROUNDS AND MAGNIFICENT PARKLANDS: 4 large reception, 2 bath, 15 bed and dressing rooms; stabling, garage, cottage, farmery. Excellent order throughout.

PRICE, ONLY £3,500.

ENGINEERS.
Telephone: 1602 Vic.
Telegraphic Address: "Endeepee, Vic., London."

NORMAN DICKSON, PRINGLE & CO.,

SPECIALISTS IN COUNTRY HOUSE APPLIANCES.

25, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

Electric Heating and Lighting. Acetylene Lighting. Citex Fire Extinguisher. Water Raising & Distributing Plant. Pasteur Filters.

EMBRACING MAGNIFICENT VIEWS OVER HINDHEAD, IN THE HEART OF LOVELY COUNTRY.

FOR SALE. PRICE, £2,500.

SURREY (near church, post and telegraph office).—A very charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with its many quaint features, including the thatched roof.

ON GRAVEL SOIL AND ENJOYING SOUTH ASPECT.

The carefully arranged accommodation comprises lounge hall, dining and drawing rooms (overlooking the grounds), 5 good bedrooms, excellent bathroom, boxroom, good offices. Company's water; motor-house and bicycle shed.

PRETTY GROUNDS OF ABOUT 2½ ACRES,

with full-sized tennis and croquet lawns, rose gardens, orchard, flower bed and borders, paddock.

HUNTING WITH 2 PACKS. 3 GOLF COURSES NEAR.

—Box HS 13, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

FOR SALE. BARGAIN PRICE. £3,200, FREEHOLD.

SUSSEX (within easy reach of Brighton).—A beautiful old-fashioned gabled RESIDENCE, standing high, 'midst beautiful country, commanding wonderful views, in lovely old grounds of about 4½ acres, well timbered: 4 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); stabling for 3; gardener's cottage; sandy rock soil; excellent water; main drainage; golf 1½ miles, good hunting. Immediate Sale desired.—Box M 26, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

HUNTING WITH THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S. GOLF.

WILTS.— BEAUTIFUL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE.—Picturesque STONE-BUILT TUDOR RESIDENCE: fine entrance hall, 15 bed and dressing, 3 bath, billiard, 3 handsome reception rooms; winter garden; approached by 2 carriage drives, entrance lodge; lovely old pleasure grounds with ornamental water, etc., and well-timbered parklands, 21 ACRES; cottage, capital stabling, farmery.—Box M 27, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

By Appointment to H.M. the King.

FRUIT TREES.

WM. PAUL & SON,

WALTHAM CROSS, LTD.

A magnificent stock of Standard, Pyramidal, Bush, Espalier, Cordon, and well-trained trees of all the leading varieties of Apples, Pears, Plums, Cherries, Apricots, Peaches, and Nectarines; also Gooseberries, Currants, Nuts, Strawberries, Raspberries, and other berries, at very moderate prices. Orchard House Trees, Figs and Grape Vines, in pots, of the best quality. Priced descriptive catalogue free by post.

Postal Address:—WALTHAM CROSS, HERTS.

Pocket Money for you

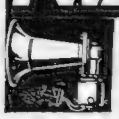
Don't hoard your old jewellery, etc.; turn it into cash at Frasers.

Highest Prices Given. { **Bracelets, Chains, Brooches, Pendants, Rings, & Valuables.** } Offer sent by return

R. D. & J. B. FRASER, Goldsmiths, &c.
Desk 14, Princes Street
IPSWICH

Frasers OF IPSWICH

KLAXON



BRITISH MADE KLAXON HORNS are always HEARD by all, always UNDERSTOOD, always OBEYED. They are unquestionably the best warning signals obtainable. Kindly send postcard for booklet, mentioning "Bystander," **The KLAXON Co., Ltd., 41, Great Portland St., LONDON, W.**

WHY PAY RENT? The City Life under its "IDEAL" policy plan enables Policyholders to reap the benefit of their investment **DURING THEIR OWN LIFETIME**, and in the event of premature death to leave their legal representative in possession of a comfortable house, free from any mortgage charge or encumbrance.

GOOD PROSPECTS FOR ACTIVE AGENTS.

Send Postcard for Prospectus and Terms to
CITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LD.,
6, Paul Street, Finsbury, London, E.C.
M. GREGORY, Managing Director.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/2 2/6 & 4/6.

READ THE

DAILY GRAPHIC.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE GRAPHIC

Will be found to be an admirable Souvenir of : : the Season : : for old and young alike.

Edited with Ingenuity.
Written with Charm.
Pictured with Humour.
Printed with Beauty.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.
On Sale at all Newsagents.

Colour has been Freely Used to Brighten Winter's Gloom

BY THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS:

"THE LADY WITH THE FAN" By Abel Faivre
"PREPARING FOR THE BALL" By Réne Lelong
"SPIRITS" ... ... By Charles Crombie
"HIS FIRST TROUBLE" ... By G. E. Studdy
"THE CAPTURE OF FATHER CHRISTMAS" ... ... By H. C. Earnshaw
"HIGH STAKES" (double page)... By Francis Barraud
"THE FIRST-BORN" ... By Mary Y. Hunter
"OLD ROSE" ... ... By J. H. Thorpe
"BED-TIME" ... ... By G. Pauli
"IN GRANDMOTHER'S DAYS" ... ... By J. R. Skelton
"THE CHARM OF CHILDHOOD" ... ... By Hilda Cowham
"THE CLOSED BOOK" ... By St. George Hare, R.I.

TOGETHER WITH A COLOURED PLATE—

"VANITY FAIR," the Fine Academy Picture, as a Supplement.

By MARY Y. HUNTER.

Drawings in Black and White and Tinted Inks

ARE SUPPLIED BY

Frank Dadd, R.I. | James Durden | H. M. Brock | E. S. Annison | W. Hatherell, R.I.
D. Macpherson | Balliol Salmon | Gilbert Holiday | Will Owen | J. H. Thorpe

Stories that All May Read with Pleasure

ARE WRITTEN BY

H. De Vere Stacpoole ... "The Girl at the Gate"
K. L. Montgomery... ... "No Christmas"
Arthur Eckersley ... "The Matchmaker"
Hon. Norah Cavendish "An Intellectual Friendship"
W. Aylmer-Stark ... "The Phantom Troika"

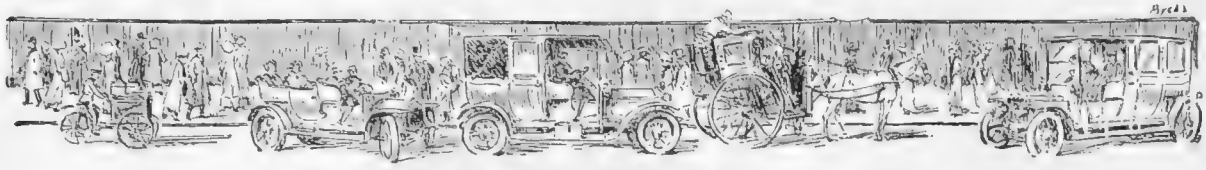
The Fastest Sailing Craft Afloat

Photograph *Plate and Co., Ceylon*

THE CINGALESE CATAMARAN

The Cingalese catamaran is said, for its size, to be the fastest craft afloat, given very good windward qualities. Its construction is peculiar in that it is fastened almost entirely by strands of coir. The craft is chiefly used for fishing, and it is not an uncommon sight to see a fleet set out for the fishing ground consisting of 50 or 60 sails. The men fish with lines, and, where the English fisherman prefers dead silence, the natives, on the other hand, when sometimes fishing in a quiet bay, seek to attract the fish to the neighbourhood of their boats by a simultaneous sharp tapping of sticks on the catamaran's side. Extraordinary catches of fish are taken both as to numbers, colour, size, and kind, although chiefly the seer-fish are caught, a very game fish much resembling the salmon in form. On returning to shore, the boats, having made the passage of the surf, are run aground, and almost immediately a native market is held on the beach and the fish removed by waiting purchasers. Now that the glorious and mysterious East is fast becoming, through quick and improved travel, nearer and nearer to the enlightened West, a winter holiday in India and Ceylon is a distinct possibility, and those desirous of spending a recuperative and educational vacation would be well advised to take advantage of the exceptional facilities offered by the P. and O. Steam Navigation Co. in their tour to Egypt, India, and Ceylon, the last word in modern and inexpensive travel

Fashion's Fancies.



By MRS. JACK MAY

IT is always an open question with those of us who write for the Press whether we are read during holiday times or thrust into the waste-paper basket. My experience is that we are read, possibly in some cases from sheer ennui. But what does that matter—what difference does it make—to us? At the same time, I should very much like some people to read what I have to write about a certain sale at

Ulster House

That we shall be deluged with sales during the coming week is an open secret. And far be it from me to disparage any of these noble efforts to get rid of accumulated stock—or other things. But I am in the fortunate position to be able to avow that at Kenneth Durwards only accumulated models are disposed of. It is not given to every woman of sportsmanlike proclivities to buy her coats and costumes at Ulster House — more's the pity—but those who have perforce to administer a moderate dress allowance have an unrivalled opportunity here for securing the best at merely nominal prices. From time to time we have illustrated and chatted about sports' costumes, and now from December 30 until they are cleared out many of the covetable models we have been privileged from time to time to portray, are marked down to the modest sum of 3 gns.

A Marvellous Offering

There is a particular suit, expressed in various Lovat cloths, that is well worth securing. The skirt, of course, is gored and short, and the coat of quasi-Norfolk style—that is to say, there are no conventional set pleats, but the fitting at the waist is arranged by carefully regulated gathers, held in subjection by a permanent band that is allowed freedom at the side seams. Needless to say, it bears the hall-mark of Kenneth Durward in perfection of cut and finish. For two and a half guineas there are a number of ordinary coats and skirts of the severer style, no two alike, and included in the *galère* are several blue serges. Perhaps, though, the most marvellous offering of all is a series of wrap coats at one guinea. These are frankly admitted to be last year's models. But equally frankly I really do not see that this makes any difference. Wrap coats are wrap coats, and when made by Kenneth Durward are always desirable.

Photograph *Talbot*

A BECOMING WRAP

Of seal musquash and pure ermine, the latter picking up the construction in the guise of wide sleeves, fashioned in one with the yoke

The Alliance of Dark and Light Furs

We are merely at the text of this fancy. Some of us have pretended to like the mingling of black and white foxes, but, as a matter of fact, the eye is not yet attuned to the startling contrast. The set of stole and muff composed of the Harlequin expression, of black fox on one side and white on the other, is, perhaps, the most trying of all. Infinitely more so than such a wrap as forms the subject of our first picture. Seal musquash and pure ermine are the components of this magnificent wrap, the ermine picking up the construction in the guise of wide sleeves, fashioned in one with the yoke, which in its turn is thrown back with shawl-shaped revers. Nor is this wrap at all peculiar in owning a *doublure* as beautiful in kind as the exterior. Nothing is too costly to be lavished on these interiors, and the eye eagerly and

SENSATIONAL RESULTS OF "HAIR-DRILL" EXPERIMENTS

NEW HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS. HAIR FALLING AND SPLITTING STOPPED IN FIVE DAYS.

ROYAL HAIR SPECIALIST'S OFFER OF A WEEK'S TREATMENT FREE.

HAIR POVERTY AND ITS CAUSES.

Is baldness a part of the price which must be paid for the benefits of civilisation?

This is a question which has engaged the attention of some of the foremost scientists of the day. For it is a fact that only in a highly civilised and cultured people does baldness and hair poverty exist.

The opinion of Mr. Edwards, the leading Court Hair Specialist and inventor of "Harlene Hair-Drill," on this matter must be of supreme interest to all who cherish their hair.

"To remedy an evil, find the cause," says Mr. Edwards.

What is the immediate cause of hair poverty?

The conditions of modern life cause a scurfy accumulation to collect around the hair root, choking it and denying it all nourishment. Many people, because they cannot *see* this accumulation, do not think it exists.

But it does.

It collects on all heads, and scientific experiment has proved that no amount of washing entirely removes it. And unless it is removed it begins before long to set up an intolerable itching of the scalp, or the hair—being starved—becomes brittle and splits at the ends. Finally it commences falling out at an increasingly alarming rate.

This, then, is the cause of hair poverty and baldness.

HOW "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OVERCOMES THE CAUSE

The experiments shown above were actually carried out on human heads of hair to demonstrate the manner in which "Harlene Hair-Drill" overcomes the handicap of modern conditions.

For the purpose of showing the marvellous results of "Harlene Hair-Drill" this drawing has been prepared from actual photographs. The outer halves of these two heads show the condition of the hair before commencing the "Hair-Drill" treatment. The inner halves show the results of "Harlene" and "Hair-Drill." In the case of the lady this result was achieved in only five weeks, and in the gentleman's case in seven. You can have your first week's treatment free by taking advantage of Mr. Edwards' generous free gift offer. Write for it TO-DAY.

It is no part of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" treatment to *force* hair to grow in opposition to Nature. The Secret of "Harlene Hair-Drill" success lies in the fact that it co-operates with Nature, and by bringing about a healthy condition of vitality in the scalp allows Nature to grow long, gleaming tresses with that glow of perfect health which no chemical stimulants can produce.

"Harlene" supplies all the nourishment needed by the delicate hair roots. Every day letters arrive at the headquarters of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" campaign telling the wonderful story of the restoration of some happy users' hair to perfect health by simply drilling for two minutes every day with "Harlene."

And how marvellous have been these results.

Ladies who almost despaired of ever again having rich and abundant hair to-day glory in their flowing tresses. Gentlemen who saw with dread the day approaching when they would be totally bald now laugh to scorn the idea of even thinning hair.

For the "Harlene Hair-Drill" results are *permanent*.

Hair poverty to-day is a reproach. It stamps a woman as *passé*—a man as growing old before his time.

But there is no need for hair poverty at all. Remember that, having discovered the actual cause of hair falling and baldness, Mr. Edwards does not merely ask you to use "Harlene Hair-Drill" because it is "good for the hair," but because it is now admitted to be the only sure method not only of growing hair, but retaining the hair's health.

No persistent user of "Harlene" suffers from hair poverty. Why should you?

"Harlene Hair-Drill" will cure all the following hair and scalp disorders, as it has done for hundreds of thousands of sufferers the world over.

—Total Baldness (even of years' standing).
—Partial or Patchy Baldness.
—Thinning of Hair over the temples.
—Thin, weak, straggling Hair.
—Hair which falls out whenever brushed or combed.
—Hair which splits at the ends.
—Dull, dead-looking, lustre-lacking Hair.
—Dry, brittle Hair.
—Greasy, inelastic Hair.
—Deposit of Scurf and Dandruff.
—Discoloured Hair.
—Irritation of the Scalp.

GENEROUS FREE GIFT TO EVERY READER

Below there is printed a coupon.

Fill it up and send it (with 3*d.* in stamps to pay postage of return Outfit) to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

In return you will be sent the following free Hair-Growing Toilet Gift. It contains:

1. **A trial bottle of that delightful hair-food and tonic-dressing, "Harlene for the Hair."**
2. **A packet of "Cremex" for the Scalp, a delightful Shampoo Powder for Home use, which thoroughly cleanses the Scalp from Scurf, and prepares the hair for the "Hair-Drill Treatment."**
3. **Mr. Edwards' private book of "Hair-Drill" Rules, which shows you how, by practising them for 2 minutes a day, you can put a stop to the falling or fading of your hair, and restore the latter to luxuriant, healthy, and lustrous abundance.**

All chemists and stores sell "Harlene-for-the-Hair" in 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.* bottles; "Cremex" in 1*s.* boxes of seven shampoos, single shampoos 2*d.*; or you can obtain them post free, from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

But first write for the seven days' Free Course of "Harlene Hair-Drill." Fill up this coupon. Post it to-day (with 3*d.* in stamps to pay carriage of Outfit). By return the complete Triple Toilet Outfit will be yours—to rescue your hair from the perils that are attacking it, and to render it once more attractive, abundant, glossy, bright, and full of colour.

This Coupon entitles you to One Week's
"Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit — FREE.

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me by return of post a presentation Toilet Outfit for practising "Harlene Hair-Drill." I enclose 3*d.* in stamps to pay carriage of above to any address in the world. Foreign stamps accepted.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

The Bystander, Dec. 25, 1912.

instinctively looks each time for some fresh revelation of extravagance.

The Languorous Evening Gown

If we take our Parisian mentors seriously—and it requires a brave woman to admit she does not — the extravagances in this direction are to recognise no limits. Trailing, sinuous draperies that yet contrive to show an immense amount of figure provide the leading *motif*. Sleeves in the more advanced models are growing smaller and smaller; in fact, in many instances they are non-existent. A rope of pearls or *dimanté* acting as *bretelles* over the shoulder suffices very frequently or else the clearest veiling of tulle.

One of the most perfectly beautiful gowns to cross my path of vision lately was of *broche*, tone upon tone, the general *nuance* being that of blonde tortoiseshell, over which there fell a drapery of black tulle. This started from the left-hand front, eventually to form a narrow square train hemmed with a line of sable, while at the other side it was gathered together in a drapery that concluded in centre front, a mere wisp, held by a strass ornament. Above the waist the brocade was carried up in a single slightly draped point on to a corsage of flesh-coloured *tulle* without a suggestion of sleeve.

Photograph *Talbot*

A SIMPLE COIFFURE

The hair gently undulating away from the face to lose itself in cleverly manipulated "poufs"

Wreaths that Wrap Round the Ears

Coiffures are such an all-important detail of the *ensemble* just now that no excuse is necessary for offering two noteworthy examples. There is merely clever outline in the idea illustrated, the hair gently undulating away from the face to lose itself in mysterious *poufs*, cleverly manipulated to take up the contour of the head. So woe betide the woman who is weak in this respect.

Another suggestion is essentially for the Christmas moment, representing, as it does, a frosted mistletoe wreath, worn like a *coif* about the face. These forward wreaths—no *double entendre*, I do assure you—are rapidly growing in esteem, although it is given to the few only to wear them with complete success.

The Menu: A Christmas Dinner

Oysters
Clear Soup
Fillets of Sole à l'Espagnole
* Lobster Soufflé
* Compôte of Pigeons with Olives
Roast Turkey with Chestnut Stuffing
Ham
* Pineapple Salad
Plum Pudding. Almond Sauce
Melon Ice
Devilled Anchovies
Dessert. Coffee. Liqueurs

Lobster Soufflé

Prepare a soufflé tin by greasing it with clarified butter. Chop a lobster into very small pieces. Melt 1½oz. of butter in a fairly large pan, stir into it 1½oz. of flour till well blended, then add gradually three-quarters of a pint of milk. When thick and creamy add a good half teaspoonful each of white pepper and salt, a dessertspoonful of anchovy and Worcester sauce, the chopped lobster, and the yolks of three eggs. Whisk until very stiff the whites of the eggs, stir them in lightly, and lastly place in the prepared tin and steam gently for forty minutes. Turn out and serve with a rich cheese sauce poured round the soufflé.

Compôte of Pigeons with Olives

Draw three Bordeaux pigeons, truss them as for roasting, and cook for about ten minutes in a sharp oven; baste frequently with dripping or butter. Untruss and cut them into neat joints. Peel and chop finely two shallots, fry them to a light brown in 1oz. of butter, put in the pieces of pigeon, and fry a little longer, taking care that the shallots do not get too dark a colour. Season with pepper and salt, pour off the fat, add one gill of tomato sauce and one gill of espagnole or other rich brown sauce, also twelve mushrooms cut in slices, boil up and skim. Now put in about two dozen stoned French olives, and allow to simmer for about thirty minutes. Arrange the pieces of pigeon nicely in a silver entrée dish, and strain the sauce with the olives and mushrooms over the whole, garnish with small croûtons of fried bread, and send to table.

Chestnut Stuffing for Turkey

Roast and peel about three dozen chestnuts and place them in a saucepan with some good veal gravy or white stock. Let them boil in this for twenty minutes; then drain off the gravy, and when they are quite cold mince them. Now take a tablespoonful of grated ham, two teaspoonfuls of white pepper, a little grated lemon-peel, a very little cayenne pepper, and four tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs. Mix them all thoroughly, adding the pounded chestnuts and moistening the whole with the beaten yolks of two eggs and 2oz. of butter.

Pineapple Salad

Cut as many round slices of pineapple as may be required, and put each slice on a plate. Upon each place two or three sections of orange freed from rind and pips, and fill the centre with finely shredded endive and celery. Next pour over the centre about a dessertspoonful of mayonnaise sauce, then cover with a little whipped cream seasoned with a little white pepper and salt. Finish by placing a fancifully cut slice of pimento on top, surrounded by two halves of peeled pistachio nuts. The salad is then ready to serve.

EMILIA

MRS. ADAIR

92, New Bond Street (OXFORD ST. END) **London, W.**

TELEPHONE: GERRARD 3782.

The Ganesh Chin Strap will remove a double chin and restore the contour of the face, 21/6, 25/6.

Nothing genuine without the Ganesh Trade Mark.

5, RUE CAMBON, PARIS; 557, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

MRS. ADAIR is recommended by the Medical Profession and Patronised by Royalty.

Her wonderful **GANESH STRAPPING** treatment for **Tired Lined Eyes** is now well known by every woman in all parts of the world. The eyelids become smooth and full, the eyes clear, and the tired appearance is altogether removed; the puffiness beneath the eyes is also reduced, and in time it completely disappears.

The **GANESH FOREHEAD STRAP**, which is another clever invention of Mrs. Adair's, smooths out the lines on the forehead and prevents crow's-feet. It will be found very soothing by sufferers from neuralgia and nervous headaches. The price is **25/6.**

"Dear Madam,—I am thankful to say that the Ganesh Forehead Strap has cured the neuralgia from which I suffered or years. The lines on my forehead have now entirely disappeared."

Mrs. Adair does not advertise names and addresses of clients, but letters testifying to the benefit derived from her treatments and preparations can be seen privately at 92, New Bond Street, W.

Send for Mrs. Adair's sensible book on "How to Retain and Restore the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form." It may be obtained from **92, New Bond Street, LONDON; 5, Rue Cambon, PARIS; 557, Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK,** *free of charge.*

1789

Born in a time of revolution,

PEARS' SOAP

was a revolution in itself. It marked a new era in Toilet Soaps, and proclaimed a standard of quality which had never before been known and has never since been equalled

1912

Pears is now established in every corner of civilization and has everywhere been welcomed as a great civilizing influence.

Tel. 8454 Gerrard

GOWNS

TAILOR MADES

French Staff.

Mascotte

89, PARK STREET, PARK LANE, W.

Madame ELVIRA

SPECIALIST IN BEAUTY AND FIGURE CULTURE

(Under Royal Patronage)

4a, Lower Belgrave St., Victoria, S.W.

Telephone: 6017 Victoria.

A PRETTY CHIN.

Have you a double chin, large bust, large hips, large waist, and a large abdomen? Flesh hanging over your corsets at the back, adding years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to ELVIRA, or call at 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., when she will give all particulars of a wonderful discovery she herself has made which she guarantees will remove all superfluous flesh. Wrinkles, crow's feet, bagginess beneath the eyes, can all be removed by her simple and HARMLESS method. No body bandages to be worn, no exercises nor dieting necessary. She undertakes to remove a double chin in a fortnight. Doctor writes: "I am surprised at the difference you have made in my patient." This treatment reduced her waist 8in. Another Doctor says: "Apart from the wonderful improvement in her figure, my patient breathes and walks so much better after your treatment." Lady writes: "Your treatment is wonderful—you ought to have London at your feet." Remember, it costs nothing to find out about this remedy, and MADAME ELVIRA guarantees to restore to face and figure the contour of youth. She has never had a failure.

The Editor's Box

A Novel Turn at the Hippodrome

A delightfully novel turn at the London Hippodrome is that provided by the Van der Koors, who describe themselves as the "Quack" Illusionists, introducing "Felix," the mind-reading duck. They give an exhibition of quite clever sleight-of-hand, but interest is centred chiefly on the quaint antics of "Felix," whose performance always succeeds in convulsing the audience. The great Christmas attraction here is the "Hullo Rag-Time Revue," the strong cast including Mesdames Ethel Levey, Shirley Kellogg, and Dorothy Minto, and Messrs. Bransby Williams, Lew Hearn, Cyril Clensey, and the Hippodrome Beauty Chorus of 150.

A Plea That Should Be Heard

The Church Army asks liberal gifts in money or in kind towards providing Christmas dinners for the hundreds of men, women, lads, and girls in its various homes and institutions, also for the families of the unemployed married men working in Queen Alexandra's Labour Depôts, for the homeless, starving men at King Edward's Labour Tents, for wives and children of prisoners, and for the women and children attending the Medical Mission and Dispensary. The Church Army has also to ask liberal help for its special winter relief work, which is carried on on the principle of relief by work only. Any quantity of old clothes, and also orders for firewood, needlework, and laundrywork will be most gratefully received. All communications and gifts should be sent to the Hon. Chief Secretary, Prebendary Carlile, Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, W., to whom also cheques (crossed Barclays') should be made payable.

A Valuable Travelling Companion

The inconvenience and worries caused by bad handwriting, not to mention the loss of time and money, are many, and that this is now generally recognised is proved by the almost universal use of the typewriter in offices for all correspondence. The Aluminium "Blick" Typewriter weighs but 5lb., and can be carried in its handy leather case with compartments for stamps, stationery, etc. It is, therefore, an ideal machine for all who travel, and it can be used with ease on train or boat. And opportunity is given to test the machine by the Company, who offer to those who apply for one a week's free trial. The Company do not even charge for carriage either way, and applications should be addressed to the "Blick" Company, 9 and 10, Cheapside, E.C., or to their West End branch office, 369, Oxford Street. Ask also for their booklet 141.

Winter Photography

Winter photography is becoming increasingly popular, and those of our readers who may be about to purchase a camera at the present time would be well advised to write to Messrs. Newman and Guardia, Ltd., 17, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, London, W., for a catalogue. The "Sibyl" cameras made by this firm realise the highest ideals of perfection.

An Interesting Engagement

The engagement has just been announced of Miss Alice Wilna, the celebrated soprano, to Mr. Ernest J. Marshall, elder son of Sir Herbert and Lady Marshall. Miss Alice Wilna has only been singing in this country for about two years, but during that time she has rapidly risen to the position of one of the most popular sopranos now before the public

"His Master's Voice"

No home can afford to be without the "His Master's Voice" Gramophone, and practically the whole of

The "His Master's Voice" Gramophone

Model XIV., and one of the Cabinet types. Mahogany, £40; Circassian Walnut, £50

the world's greatest singers and players, from Melba and Caruso to Harry Lauder, make records exclusively for this instrument. In the "His Master's Voice" catalogue is to be found almost any song that ever was written, sung, or played by the most celebrated of artists. The prices of these gramophones range from £4 to £50, there being in all nineteen models, with external horn or with concealed horn, the latter being the Cabinet type, as illustrated. The Gramophone Company, Ltd., of 21, City Road, E.C., will be pleased to forward handsome illustrated booklets and the name of the nearest dealer, who will gladly play over any records desired.

Why Not a Rifle?

I have received from the Birmingham Small Arms Company, Ltd., of Birmingham, a copy of their illustrated booklet, entitled "Christmas Presents of Distinction." In it are set out the very good reasons why a rifle would make an acceptable gift. A B.S.A. rifle makes, indeed, an ideal present for the sportsman, cadet, or scout. For boys there is the B.S.A. air rifle, a gift which will bring unlimited pleasure to the recipient.

Standardisation of Food Purity

A large and representative gathering of well-known scientists, food specialists, and public men, among whom were the Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Dalziel, M.P., Sir Vesey Strong, K.C.V.O., Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, K.C.B., Sir Francis Trippel, and Dr. C. Heydeman, Ph.D., took place the other day at the Savoy Hotel, London, to learn from Mr. Sandow and his experts the first public details, and witness a series of most interesting practical demonstrations of what is claimed to be an epoch-making discovery affecting the baking of our bread. This discovery is incidentally equally beneficial when applied to such household luxuries as all kinds of cakes, pastries, etc. In the course of his speech proposing the success of "Sandow's Health Foods," Dr. Heydeman paid a high tribute to Mr. Eugen Sandow's National Health work. During the proceedings the guests were much interested in the inspection of many loaves of bread, cakes, and pastry made with the New Baking Compound. In texture and evenness Mr. Sandow's exhibits were wonderfully fine, and an added interest was given to his demonstration by actual comparison with loaves made with ordinary baking powder and self-raising flour. The difference in size was especially noticeable, cakes and bread made with Sandow's Baking Powder being quite one-fifth larger than others made from the same amount of mixture.

Royal Warrant of Appointment

The high reputation of Eley Cartridges among distinguished sportsmen is again evidenced by the latest honour conferred upon Eley Brothers, Ltd., ammunition manufacturers, of London, Birmingham, Glasgow, and Liège (Belgium), who have recently received a Royal Warrant of Appointment as cartridge manufacturers to H.M. King Alfonso XIII. of Spain.